

The Daily Mirror

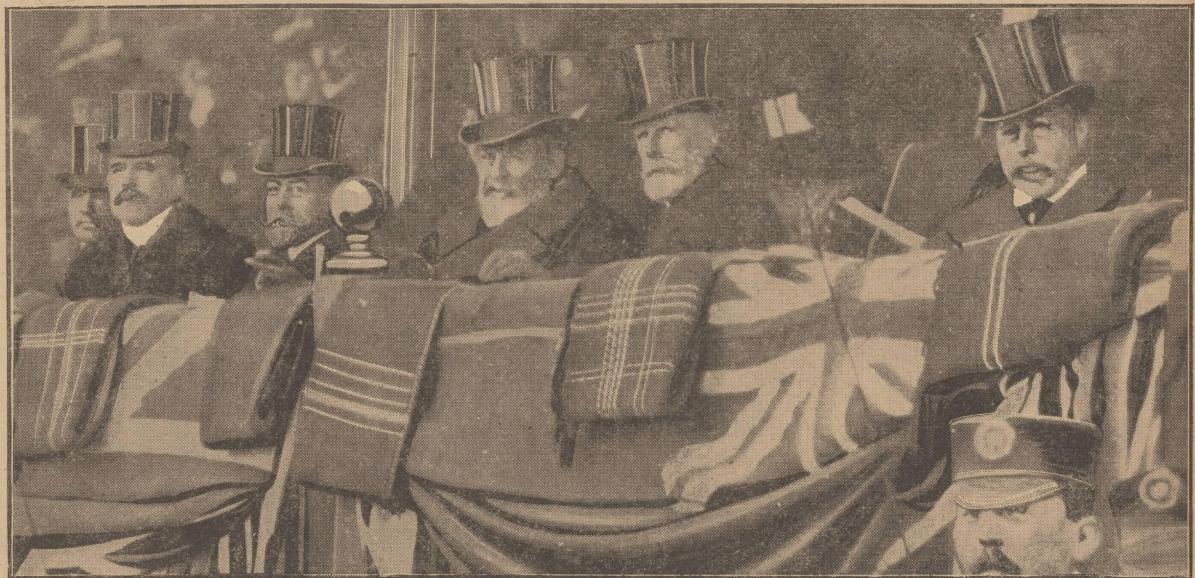
No. 412.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

KING EDWARD AND THE PRINCE OF WALES AT A FOOTBALL MATCH ON SATURDAY.



King Edward and the Prince of Wales were interested spectators at the football match between teams representing the Navy and Army at Queen's Club, West Kensington, on Saturday. On the right of the Prince of Wales our photograph shows Sir Edward Ward, one of a large number of distinguished officers of both services who were also present.—(Copyright *Daily Mirror*.)

SATURDAY'S GREAT UNEMPLOYED DEMONSTRATION IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE.



Thousands of unemployed assembled in Trafalgar-square on Saturday afternoon, when this photograph was taken. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Social Democratic Federation to protest against the refusal of the House of Commons to receive the deputation appointed at a mass meeting held in the Square a fortnight ago.—(Copyright *Daily Mirror*.)

PERSONAL.

A.—Family disturbed. Safe—G.
CAMILLE—Victoria Station at 12.50.
MISS.—Should this reach the eye of anyone who wishes to reach a friend in America who has disappeared abroad in the Colonies, or in the United States, let him advertise in the "Over-Sea Daily Mail," which is quarterly. To him in the U.S.A. will come an English-speaking person to be found. Specimen copy and terms on application to Advertising Department, "Over-Sea Daily Mail," Carmelite House, Temple, London, E.C. 12.

* The above ad. notices are received by 10 p.m. and are charged at the rate of one word for 1d. and 2d. per word afterwards. They can be brought to the office or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personals must be words for 4d. and 6d. per word after. Address—Advertisement Manager, "Murray's," 12, Whitefriars, London.

TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

MEETINGS DAILY AT 3.30 AND 8 P.M. (Mondays excepted).

DURING THE PRESENT FESTIVE SEASON DR. TORREY will give a series of Special Addresses at the Afternoon Meetings and will say, "I BELIEVE THE BIBLE TO BE THE WORD OF GOD."

CANNON STREET HOTEL.

MEETINGS FROM TUESDAY TO FRIDAY AT 1.15.

Subject: "PROOFS OF THE RESURRECTION."

NO TICKETS REQUIRED.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Manager, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS; EVERY EVENING AT 8.15, the Musical Performances THE SINGERS' MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, AT 2.30. Box Office, 10 to 10.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mr. TREE. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, AT 8.15. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING. Bass-dick. MR. TREE. Bodice. MR. FREDERICK EMERY. (By arrangement with Messrs. Harrison and Mandeville.) MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15. Box Office (Mr. Watts) open 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL.—MR. LEWIS WALLER. TO-NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, AT 8.15. KING HENRY THE FIFTH. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.

S. JAMES'S.—MOLLENTRAVON ON WOMEN, by Alfred Sutro, EVERY EVENING AT 8 sharp. AS 8.30, A MAKER OF MEN, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEE (both plays) EVERY WED. AND SAT. AT 2.15. S. J. JAMES'S Son & Son, Lessee and Manager, Mr. Geo. Alexander.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES. **KENNINGTON THEATRE.**—Tel. 1,006 Hop. Nightly, at 7.45. MAT. THURSDAY, at 2.30. Mr. and Mrs. KENDAL. TO-NIGHT, STILL WATERS. Tomorrow, MRS. GLASSON. Wed. Evening, Mrs. Mat. Thurs., Fri., and Sat. evenings. THIS HOUSEKEEPER.

CORONET THEATRE.—W.—Tel. 1,273 Kens. 1st BESIDE THEATRE. Tel. 1,006 Hop. Nightly, at 7.45. MAT. WED. AND SAT. 2.15. NIGHTLY AS YOU LIKE IT. Tomorrow, THE COMEDY OF ERRORS. Wed. Evening, MACBETH. Wed. Thurs. Evening, THE STICHES TO CONquer. Sat. Mat. and evening, THE ORESTEAN TRILOGY.

CAMDEN THEATRE.—Tel. 328 K.C.—TO-NIGHT at 8. MAT. SAT. 2.30. Mr. George Edwards Company in the Second Edition of the successful musical play.

THE ORCHID,

From the Gaiety Theatre. Mr. George Grey. Miss Gertrude Egerton. Mr. Charlie Brown. Miss Gertrude Ayward. Mr. Donald Hall. Miss Gertrude Gilliam. Mr. Eddie Ogden. Miss Amy Page. Mr. W. Colman. Miss Gertrude Grimes. Mr. Clifford Saylor. Miss Katie Leechman.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham.—Tel. 412 Hop. NIGHTLY at 7.45. MAT. WED. at 2.15. THE ENTERTAINMENT FROM THE Gaiety Theatre. Powerful company, including Miss HELEN HAYES in a special Revue.

FULHAM THEATRE.—Tel. 376 Kens.—TO-NIGHT at 8. MAT. WED. at 2.30. First London Production of the great drama, HEARTS ADYLINE. Professional company, magnificent scenery and effects. SAT. DINNER THEATRE. Mat. and Sat. 2.15. The old fashioned play, EVERYMAN, will be presented by the ELIZA-BETHATON STAGE SOCIETY.

COLISEUM—Charing Cross. Programme at 12 NOON and 6 P.M. PORT ARTHUR—Grand War Spectacle, with wonderful effects on revolving stage. LOIS FULLER in new scenes. THE REVENGE OF THE VENGEFUL WOMAN, with Miss Moore as an illuminant. Grand Scotch Opera Scene. THE HUKEI FL. WIFE. MISS DICHA MOORE and Pipers Song. SAT. DINNER THEATRE. BASHFUL BOY, a charming Children's number. New picture songs and varieties.

COLISEUM—Charing Cross. Programme at 3 P.M. and 9 P.M.

THE PRINCE DOMA MADAME ALICE ESTY in the MIRACLE GIRL. Miss Alice Esty, Miss Alice Esty and LITTLE BLACK PEARL. EUGENE STRATTON and sixteen dancers. MISS MILLIE HYLTON in new song scenes. SAT. DINNER THEATRE. BASHFUL BOY, new scenes EXTRAVAGANZA—Mr. J. C. Phidcock and chorus. GOOD-BYE LITTLE GIRL and THE WITCHES—MISS MARIA. SAT. DINNER THEATRE. DICKIE TURPIN—In A. ROBERTS, with dramatic finish. High class varieties. THE T DERBY RACE.

Prices—6d., 1s., 2s., 3s., 4s. Boxes 1 and 2 Guineas. All seats may be booked in advance.

THE LYCEUM. STRAND. TWICE WEEKLY, at 6.30 and 9.0. MATINEES WITH DINNER AND AFTERDAYS, at 2.30. HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES.

Popular Prices—6d. to 11 guineas. Children half-price. Managing Director, THOMAS BARRASFORD.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, Etc.

CRYSTAL PALACE. THE BORROWS. Prom. Concert TO-DAY. Rollers Skating on Grass. Roller-skating in Theatres. Miss Mary Grey and Miss Reginald Ashton. Rink. Organ Recital. 3s. 6d. and 5s. David. Numerous OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS. "Hengler's," Oxford Street, W. 1. Open Every Day. Height of the World (only 35 inches high), and over 200 Acting and Performing Animals. DAILY, 3 and 8. Prices, 1s. to 5s. Children half-price to all parts. Box Office, 10 to 10. Telephone 4,138 Gerard.

HOUSES and PROPERTIES.

HOUSES, OFFICES, ETC. to Let.

RENT £50 Per Annum.—Invest this amount for your own benefit instead of paying it to a landlord, and send postcard for illustrations of what has been and can be done along this line.—22, Bishopsgate-st Without. E.C. Mention this paper.

WEEKLY HOUSES; good selection; rents 2s. 6d. to 1s. Elsworth, House Agent, Chase Side, Enfield.

£28 PER ANNUM. Chiswick—Pretty, well-built Villas; close river; 3 bed, bath, and reception rooms, usual offices; garden back and front.—Apply Tyser, Greenwood, and Crier, 359, High-st, Chiswick, W.

Fates to Let.

BALHAM. Exceptionally well-fitted modern Maisonettes; 5 large light rooms, bath (b. and c); latest improvements; rent £36 to £45 per annum, inclusive.—John G. Dean and Co., 106, High-st, Balham (opposite station).

FLATS to Let. Within 10 minutes from present Tooting railway terminus, 7 flats, 2nd floor, Tooting Station; double-fronted Villa Flats; 4 rooms (bath. and c), scullery, etc.; £s. ed. and 9s. per week; all light, back to garden; open flats in each house; suitable for desirable tenants on yearly lettings.—Apply E. Glazebrook, 2, Kimberley-maisonettes, Holmwood, Tooting, S.W.

MARKETING BY POST.

ENGLISH DAIRY PRODUCE. Fresh, thick, double cream, clotted cream, cream cheese, delicious fresh butter, well-laid eggs, poultry, fresh pork, sausages, game, bacon, ham, etc. Fresh fish, fresh trout, salmon, eels, oysters, lobsters, crabs, etc. Fresh cheese, first-class cheese; first, clotted Devonshire cream; "London Darby," price list—Prideaux's Dairy Farms, Motcombe, Dorset.

FISH. Fresh; fresh caught; or one kind of fish, 1s. ed. 21s. 5s.; carriage paid; dressed for cooking; quick delivery; choice selected; price for free postcard; price lists free; fish finest quality.—Rock Fish Co., Grimbsy. (Quote Paper.)

FISH. Fresh and cured, direct from the fishing boats to the consumer; 6 lbs. 2s. 9lbs. 2s. 25lbs. 5s. 5lbs. 1s. 11lbs. 2s. 14lbs. 2s. 6d. 21lb. 5s. Full particular for cooking; splendid assortment and value cured fish, etc., public institutions and schools supplied.—Full particulars and price list free. Standard Fish Company, Grimbsy.

FISH: fresh caught; or one kind of fish, 1s. ed. 21s. 5s.; carriage paid; dressed for cooking; quick delivery; choice selected; price for free postcard; price lists free; fish finest quality.—Rock Fish Co., Grimbsy.

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FISH. The Neptune Fish Supply Co., Grimbsy, supplies fish of choice quality, fresh and salted, cleaned for cooking, 6 lbs. 2s. 9lbs. 2s. 25lbs. 5s. 5lbs. 1s. 11lbs. 2s. 14lbs. 2s. 6d. 21lb. 5s. Satisfaction guaranteed to secure repeat orders; lists free.

BIRTHS.

BONNER.—On February 22 at Spring Lawn, Tavistock Woods, Essex. The wife of John W. Bonner.—FACETT.—On the 23rd inst., at The Birches, Frensham, Surrey, the wife of H. F. Facett, of a daughter, HORN-STEVENS.—On Saturday 25, at 26, Clinton-terrace, Brighton, the wife of Harry Horn-Stevens, of a son, John.

MARRIAGES.

THOMPSON—REESON.—On the 22nd inst., at All Saints' Church, Rotherhithe, by the Rev. J. Humphries M.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Gomshall, Rotherhithe, and College Hill-chambers, E.C. Youngest son of John S. and Maria Thompson, to Mary Newell, youngest daughter of John and Anna Newell, of 249, Lower-road, Rotherhithe. Foreign papers, please copy.

DEATHS.

CHAPMAN.—On the 22nd inst., at 53, Ursula-road, Upper Tooting, in her 90th year, Elizabeth, widow of the late William Coton Chapman.

OLIVER.—On February 24 at 10, Clifton-road, Brockley, Kent, William Oliver, Esq., 6d.; he died for same. 5s. 6d. 4s. 6d.; here for many years; 6d. 6s. 6s. miles, etc., travelling 2d. extra; all on approval; every public institution and school; largest collection in Europe; full printed list; stamp; 1s. 6d. 2s. 6d. 3s. 6d. 4s. 6d. 5s. 6s. 7s. 6d. 8s. 6d. 9s. 6d. 10s. 6d. 11s. 6d. 12s. 6d. 13s. 6d. 14s. 6d. 15s. 6d. 16s. 6d. 17s. 6d. 18s. 6d. 19s. 6d. 20s. 6d. 21s. 6d. 22s. 6d. 23s. 6d. 24s. 6d. 25s. 6d. 26s. 6d. 27s. 6d. 28s. 6d. 29s. 6d. 30s. 6d. 31s. 6d. 32s. 6d. 33s. 6d. 34s. 6d. 35s. 6d. 36s. 6d. 37s. 6d. 38s. 6d. 39s. 6d. 40s. 6d. 41s. 6d. 42s. 6d. 43s. 6d. 44s. 6d. 45s. 6d. 46s. 6d. 47s. 6d. 48s. 6d. 49s. 6d. 50s. 6d. 51s. 6d. 52s. 6d. 53s. 6d. 54s. 6d. 55s. 6d. 56s. 6d. 57s. 6d. 58s. 6d. 59s. 6d. 60s. 6d. 61s. 6d. 62s. 6d. 63s. 6d. 64s. 6d. 65s. 6d. 66s. 6d. 67s. 6d. 68s. 6d. 69s. 6d. 70s. 6d. 71s. 6d. 72s. 6d. 73s. 6d. 74s. 6d. 75s. 6d. 76s. 6d. 77s. 6d. 78s. 6d. 79s. 6d. 80s. 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MANY LIVES LOST BY THE GALE.

Wind Fifty Miles an Hour
Strews Coasts with
Wreckage.

TALE OF DISASTER.

Victims of a Mysterious Atlantic
Wreck Washed Ashore.

Violent southerly gales are reaping a harvest of wrecks around our coasts.

A south-westerly gale sprang up in the Channel yesterday morning, and developed with great rapidity into almost hurricane force, reaching a velocity of fifty miles an hour.

Some very exciting scenes were witnessed in Dover Bay, where a large number of craft were seeking shelter, some of the vessels straining severely at their anchors.

The seas continually sweeping over the piers were like immense cascades, and as enormous waves struck the sea defences at East Cliff they were projected some sixty feet into the air.

Continental mail steamers all reported extremely rough voyages, and were very late in arrival.

The Hamburg-American liner Hamburg, which was due to arrive at Dover yesterday on her voyage to New York, did not leave Cuxhaven.

A fleet of fishing-vessels belonging to Portsmouth and Colchester, which left Dover on Saturday, put back into harbour yesterday. During the height of the storm there was a wind force of nearly fifty miles an hour.

ANXIETY AT HOLYHEAD.

About three o'clock yesterday morning an open boat containing five men attempted to render assistance to a small schooner in distress in the outer roads at Holyhead. The boat not having returned, the steam-lifeboat and the tug Kingfisher went out in search of her.

The James Joicey, of London, has been sunk at the entrance of the Tyne by the Gosforth, of Newcastle, in collision.

H.M. gunboat Speedwell ran into a fishing drifter in the Firth of Forth, and cut her almost in two. Of the drifter's crew of eight, four clung to the gunboat. The rest were flung into the water, and Robert Smith, of Cellardyke, was drowned.

The French ketch Lou's, of Boulogne, has become a total wreck at Mullion, in Cornwall. The captain and one seaman were drowned.

ATLANTIC MYSTERY.

Nine Bodies, Some English, Washed Up
Near Brest.

During the last four days nine corpses, several of them English, have been picked up on the coast near Brest. It is believed that several of these bodies belong to the crew of the Hans Woermann, of Hamburg, and it is concluded that that vessel foundered in the last gale.

If so, several hundred lives have been lost. A body picked up at Plouherz-le-Christ was clad in a woolen jersey bearing the letters P.S.N.C., the shirt being marked "Lewis, Liverpool."

No anxiety is left at Lloyd's, however, regarding any vessels of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company. The Hans Woermann was last reported far from these waters. But what can be the explanation?

GOVERNOR IN A SNOW-BANK.

The opening of the Prince Edward Island Legislature had to be thrice postponed on account of the snow blockades. Only sixteen members were present out of thirty, when it at last opened at Halifax on Friday.

The Governor and his secretary were both thrown from a sleigh into a snow-bank on their way to deliver the speech from the throne.

The ice and snow blockade of the Dominion Atlantic Railway continues. The whole system is paralysed, and the towns on the line are running out of supplies of food and fuel.

All the railways in Nova Scotia are at a standstill.

HURT BY FALLING RUINS.

Owing to the high wind prevailing early on Sunday morning an accident occurred at the scene of the recent fire at Long Acre.

During scaffolding operations an archway collapsed, and two men had narrow escapes.

Fortunately some timbers broke the fall of the debris, and the men were not long detained at Charing Cross Hospital.

A hoarding was blown down in Aldgate, injuring two passers-by.

PRINCE OF WALES TO GO TO INDIA.

Interesting Royal Betrothal—English Princess to Marry the Grandson of King Oscar of Sweden.

KING AT A FOOTBALL MATCH.

It is now officially confirmed that the Prince and Princess of Wales will visit India in the coming autumn. Thus another link will be forged in the chain that binds the Mother Country to her children across the sea.

Their Royal Highnesses will arrive in India in November, and probably remain there until March, 1906. During that time they will visit the Principalities of British India and also the more important native states.

Levées will be held, at which the chief personages of India will be presented to their Royal Highnesses. The Viceroy of India, as the King's representative, will welcome and receive the royal visitors.

NO EXCHANGE OF GIFTS.

There will be no exchange of ceremonial presents between their Royal Highnesses and the native princes.

When, in 1875, King Edward, then Prince of Wales, paid a memorable visit to India, £40,000 worth of presents formed part of the royal baggage.

His Majesty was the recipient of presents which are said to have been worth half a million of money, and were exhibited after his return.

Moreover, he returned with a veritable Zoo, including tigers, elephants, and ostriches.

But India will show no uncertain way how deeply she appreciates the honour thus paid her.

THE KING AND FOOTBALL.

His Majesty Enjoys the Play at the Army and Navy Match.

The Army and Navy contest at Queen's Club on Saturday was the first football match attended by the King since his accession.

This new fixture in the list of representative matches had a brilliant inauguration, for the Prince of Wales also was present, and the weather was simply glorious.

There were nearly 7,000 spectators, and the Grenadiers' band made music all the time.

The Prince of Wales, who arrived at 3.20, was greeted heartily, and the King's arrival at 3.32 was hailed with a great burst of loyal enthusiasm.

At once the teams took the field, his Majesty watching the play with keen interest from a pavilion near the Hanley Men's goal.

His Majesty declined to avail himself of the seats placed for the royal party inside the ropes, evidently out of consideration for those whose view they might have obstructed.

The King and the Prince of Wales joined in applauding the performances of both teams.

His Majesty looked remarkably well, and was warmly clad, for the wind was keen.

ROYAL LOVE MATCH.

Princess Margaret of Connaught to Marry a Swedish Prince.

The betrothal of Princess Margaret of Connaught to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden has come as a pleasing surprise to two countries whose royal houses have long been on the friendliest of terms.

King Oscar, the Prince's grandfather, won golden opinions from the British people on the occasion of his last stay of several weeks in England, when he made a tour of all the leading

STARTLING WATER-BURST.

Ladies Carried Through Flooded Streets to Safety by Gallant Pedestrians.

Consternation was caused in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Park late on Saturday night by the bursting of the main supply reservoir under the large tennis-ground in the park.

Without warning immense volumes of water poured across the grass, and a foaming stream 40ft. wide swept through the gateway in Seven Sisters-road.

Great numbers of people were caught and drenched to the knees. Finsbury Park and Blackstock-road were flooded with muddy water for hours.

Many ladies accepted offers of assistance from gentlemen and were carried to a place of safety. A special sewer opening at length cleared off the water.

cities in the provinces, inspecting every branch of British industry. His grandson, Prince Gustavus, is spoken of as greatly resembling the King in character and disposition.

It was at a dinner in the regal banqueting hall of Buckingham Palace on Saturday night that the announcement of the betrothal was made to King Edward's guests. There was a large party, including the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and about forty diplomats and statesmen. The health of the young people was toasted.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

Those who move in Court circles have known for some time that the comely Princess Margaret and Prince Gustavus were deeply attached to each other.

It became general remark that theirs would be a love match, neither prearranged by nor needing the assistance of their elders. Indeed, the young couple are said to have, as the phrase goes, fallen in love at sight, when Princess Margaret was visiting the Swedish court three years ago.

Princess Margaret is a great favourite with Queen Alexandra for her homely tastes and cheerful disposition. Prince Gustavus is a fine young fellow, whom the Swedish people never tire of praising for his many qualities.

DOMESTICATED PRINCESS.

Princess Margaret is the eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. She has just entered her twenty-fourth year, and is one of the most domesticated of English Princesses, though of music, painting, and cycling she is very fond.

She has frequently been seen with her sleeves rolled up making butter in her own model dairy, and has endeared herself to the villagers of Bagshot by her charms.

HANDSOME AND FRANK.

Dark, unconventional, handsome, and somewhat of the Italian type, Prince Gustavus inherits the dignity and frank bonhomie of his grandfather, the stately King Oscar. He is twenty-five years old.

Though endowed with the frank, open, unconventional nature of his uncle, the Prince is more reserved than Prince Oscar, the King's second son, who preaches publicly at meetings of the Salvation Army.

Nor is he so Bohemian in temperament as Prince Eugene, who makes £2,000 a year with his brush as a painter in oils.

A remark attributed to the German Emperor contained a compliment even a Prince might prize:—"Gustavus of Sweden is every inch and nerve a son to make a father's heart proud."

ROYALTY AND R.A.S.

The Royal Academy was closed to the public on Saturday from mid-day until half-past two, as the King desired to inspect the collection of pictures and portraits by the late Mr. Frederick Watts, now being shown in Burlington House.

His Majesty was accompanied by the Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg. The royal visitors were received by Sir Edward Poynter.

KING'S DINNER-PARTY.

The King gave a dinner-party at Buckingham Palace on Saturday evening, at which the Prince of Wales was present, and among the guests were the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Argyll, the Earl of Rosebery, Earl Spencer, Earl Carrington, Lord Rothschild, Lord Alverstone, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. John Morley, Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, Mr. James Bryce, and Sir Edward Grey.

The band of the Scots Guards played during and after dinner.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

For fishing in forbidden territorial waters the British steam-trawler Sea King has been fined £15 at Copenhagen.—Reuter.

"For what purpose do we require such a colossal fleet? No war is to be apprehended from England," said Herr Bebel, in a debate on Naval Estimates in the German Reichstag.—Reuter.

Owing to an escape of gas and the high temperature, says Reuter, several passengers in the special train which entered the Simplon Tunnel first after its completion were overcome. One has since died.

Sergeant Jarrett, of the Surrey Constabulary, who has secured so many convictions against motorists on the Ripley road, including a peer and a magistrate, has been promoted to an inspectorship at Woking.

Thirty-three thousand miners are on strike in Belgium. Windows have been broken at Charleroi, and ten arrests have been made. At Vresville a dynamite cartridge was exploded outside the house of a man who had not joined the strike.—Reuter.

ROJESTVENSKY WHITEWASHED.

Firing Was Unjustifiable, but His Reputation Is Unimpaired.

AN AMAZING REPORT.

The following are the leading points in the report of the International Commission appointed to inquire into the attack upon the Hull fishing fleet, which was issued in Paris on Saturday:—

1. The fishing fleet was guilty of no hostile act.
2. Admiral Rojestvensky gave the order to fire. The responsibility rests upon him.
3. The majority of the Commissioners being of opinion that there was no torpedo-boat on the scene declare that firing was unjustifiable.
4. The majority also consider the firing was too long.
5. They also state that Admiral Rojestvensky did not, when in the Channel, inform the neighbouring maritime Powers that the trawlers fired on were in need of assistance.
6. The opinions formulated do not reflect on the military efficiency or the sentiments of humanity of Admiral Rojestvensky and the personnel of his squadron.

Although the report is much fairer and more in accordance with facts than the incorrect version issued by Reuter's Agency last week, yet the British nation can hardly feel much satisfaction with such a contradictory document.

The Commissioners, having proved Admiral Rojestvensky to be responsible, and having declared his action to be unjustifiable, end up by stating that no shadow rests upon his efficiency as a commander.

Further, having censured him for not sending word on shore that the trawlers were in need of assistance, they proclaim, nevertheless, that they mean no reflection upon his humanity!

THE TORPEDO-BOAT MYTH.

The report, which is in French, begins by calling attention to the numerous reports furnished by Russian agents to the effect that the Baltic Fleet was likely to be attacked by torpedo-boats, and to the fact that on October 21 the Admiral was induced to believe that a number of torpedo-boats were coming up from behind, and that they would be able to catch up and attack him about one o'clock in the morning.

As Admiral Rojestvensky's section approached, a green rocket was sent up.

This rocket was, as a matter of fact, merely the usual signal sent up by the fishing-master for the fishing-boats to shoot their starboard trawls. But the officers on the bridge of the Souviroff, the Admiral's flagship, did not know this. They grew suspicious at once.

A few minutes later, scanning the horizon with their searchlights, they discovered what they believed to be torpedo-boats going at full speed.

The Admiral was at once informed, and gave orders that the unknown vessels should be fired upon.

The majority of the Commissioners, respecting this subject, express the opinion that the responsibility for this action and the results of the cannonade suffered by the fishing fleet falls on Admiral Rojestvensky.

The firing lasted from ten to twelve minutes. It sank the trawler Crane, damaged five other trawlers, and killed two fishermen and wounded six others, and damaged also the Russian cruiser Aurora.

The Commissioners recognise unanimously that the vessels of the fishing fleet committed no hostile act and the majority of the Commissioners being of opinion that there was no torpedo-boat either among the trawlers or on the scene, the firing by Admiral Rojestvensky was not justifiable.

The Russian Commissioner, of course, held out for the torpedo-boat theory, but he could get no other Commissioner to take his view.

The duration of the firing, even from the point of view of the Russian version, seems to the majority of the Commissioners to have been longer than was necessary.

It is unanimously recognised that Admiral Rojestvensky personally did all he could to prevent the vessels recognised as trawlers from being injured.

Then comes the most amazing paragraph of the report.

The Commissioners in bringing this report to a conclusion declare that the opinions that they have herein formulated are not essentially of a nature to cast any reflection on the military efficiency nor on the sentiments of humanity of Admiral Rojestvensky and the personnel of his squadron.

Rich Villager Makes Comic Defence in Breach of Promise Case.

£225 DAMAGES.

We may live without friends, we may live without books, but civilised man cannot live without cooks!

We may live without love; what is passion but pining? But where is the man who can live without dining?

So counsel-quoted from Owen Meredith in the matter of John Widdowson O'Hara's decision to start housekeeping without his sweetheart, Mrs. Martha Fairhurst, a buxom, middle-aged widow. And "an excellent quotation" it was, said the Judge at the Liverpool Assizes.

Both parties hail from Aughton, near Ormskirk, the town of gingerbread and the church with spire on tower.

For twenty years—he is now fifty-three—in spite of a good education and start in life given him by a rich aunt, O'Hara had been merely a handy-man to a cowkeeper.

Even in these, his days of wealth, O'Hara retains the bucolic habit, for in court on Saturday he was dressed carelessly, with a rough scarf round his neck.

Mrs. Fairhurst is a poor woman, who has seen trouble. Ten years ago her husband died of consumption, and within twelve months four of her eight children had succumbed to the same disease.

In spite of having to apply for parish relief she has contrived to place well out in life three of the survivors, while the youngest is still a boy at school.

In September, 1903, O'Hara's rich aunt died and left him nearly £8,000. He decided to have a home of his own, with Mrs. Fairhurst to share it. He was emphatic: "I want a wife," he said to her a month after he came into his inheritance. "You will have no reason to regret it if you marry me."

Not Sober at the Time.

The wedding arrangements were made. She was told to divide her modest furniture among her children to make room for new. But all at once his attentions ceased.

He declared, as an excuse, that he had been "knocking." Indeed, his defence was that, if he did make a promise of marriage, he was not sober at the time.

Mrs. Fairhurst, for her part, said O'Hara took drink before he came into his money. A second proposal was made on August 4—a Bank Holiday—when he was as sober as a judge.

"A most dangerous time," said the Judge. "Was he in the habit of asking women to marry him when he was drunk?" was the question put to Mrs. Pope, a witness.

"I don't know," he replied, "he never asked me!"

Please Yourself.

The plaintiff's son gave evidence to the effect that the defendant asked if he were willing that the marriage should take place.

"I have nothing to do with it," said the young man. "Please yourself."

Very valiant was O'Hara in his own defence. With proud asseveration he announced from the witness-box that he never got into trouble when in drink. He knew a policeman a long way off, and never fell into a hedge when he saw one coming along the lane.

He was often refused service at public-houses in his own village. "I am as well known as a bad shilling," said he.

Though he strenuously denied the two promises of marriage, the jury awarded the widow £225 damages.

SPLENDID SILENCE.

Though she had suffered for many years from a serious and painful internal complaint, Ellen Mason, a timber porter's wife, of Old Ford, kept it from her husband lest the knowledge of her sufferings should worry him.

At last the pain overcame, and she went to the hospital, but too late for her life to be saved. The coroner's jury on Saturday returned a verdict of Death from misadventure.

WIFE WITH FORTY WOUNDS.

Forty injuries, none of them sufficient separately to cause death, were found on the body of Mrs. Davidson, of Berwick, whose husband had attacked her. She died from exhaustion.

Davidson was sentenced at Newcastle on Saturday to ten years' penal servitude.

NEW BARRIE COMEDY.

A new comedy, by Mr. J. M. Barrie, is announced for next month at the Duke of York's, when one of the leading parts will be taken by Miss Ellen Terry. "Peter Pan," thus displaced, will be reproduced next Christmas at the same theatre.

WORKLESS RUN AMOK.**Fierce Attacks on the Labour Members of Parliament.**

The unemployed demonstration of the Social Democratic Federation in Trafalgar-square on Saturday afforded a fine example of denunciatory oratory.

The *Daily Mirror* did not escape. Mr. Webster, of Southwark, a hectic little man, said this paper had suggested that the speakers at the last meeting had worked themselves up to a mock fury and had shown a sham sympathy with the sufferings of the people.

It was such papers that blinded the rest of the world to the hardships of the poor. He was not sorry that people were sick of the stuff ladled out by this *Daily Mirror*, Indicator, or Reflector.

Another speaker was angry with this paper for describing the speakers as "foaming about speech."

If the humorist of the *Daily Mirror*, he observed, had seen the sights he had seen, he would know there was reason for foaming at the mouth.

There was much said about revolution and like. Even the Labour members did not escape, and the names of Burns and Keir Hardie were received with groans. Here are a few passages from the speeches:

The thirteen Labour members in the House did nothing.

Any Labour member who did not bring up this (unemployed) matter in the House was a hypocrite.

If he lived in Battersea Burns would not have his vote.

Labour members are jealous of each other.

If we don't get our way disorder will reign supreme.

Two Yankee bounders on the bound (term applied to Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander).

Take by force what you cannot get in any other way.

Freedom was a sibboleth, and Empire a lie, a sham, and a fraud.

Description of Mr. Balfour:—"This thing that bosses the House of Commons, for he is no man, only a player with golf-sticks."

In addition, the Rev. W. Carlile was attacked for using money for his own proselytising purposes.

Prior to the meeting, 3,000 parcels of bread and meat were, by the generosity of Mr. Pearce, of the British Tea Table Company, distributed amongst the men when assembled on the Embankment.

SOMETHING FOR A LIVING.**Man Said To Keep a Wife and Five Children on a Bogus Subscription List.**

Six printed texts, including "Who is he?" "I am the truth," three copies of the "War Cry," and a cloth cap were found on Stephen Russ, a German pastry-cook, when he was arrested for an alleged attempt to obtain money by passing himself off as a Salvationist.

He told the detective that the cloth cap was put on when he saw a police officer, hiding the Salvation Army hat.

He handed him a subscription list bearing the imprint, with a rubber stamp, "Salvation Army, Tottenham Corps," and said, "I must do something for a living."

After an officer of the Army had denied that Russ was a member, and the detective had showed that he had collected £23 11s. 6d. in three days on one list, and had a wife and children in a house to themselves at 10s. 6d. a week rent, Russ was remanded.

MAGISTRATE'S DAUGHTER DROWNED.

Miss Smith, the unfortunate lady whose body was taken from the Thames on Friday, is the daughter of Mr. Horace Smith, the well-known magistrate at Westminster Police Court.

Oversight had made it necessary for Miss Smith to reside for a time at Dr. Chan's home, from which she ran away. She was an artist of considerable talent.

SURROUNDED BY ONE.

"She knocked five or six times at first, then she 'surrounded' the door." She was there from 6.30 to 8.45."

This is what the landlord of a house in Union-street, Rotherhithe, said Susan Harrison, a nurse, did when he refused to admit her to see a lodger. She was fined three shillings or three days.

CHEAP TO BE SHORT.

All children in Switzerland under 2ft. 1in. are to be allowed to travel on the railways at half-price.

This arrangement, reported in the "Engineer," will necessitate a measuring machine near the booking office at every station.

The estimated market value of the Suz Canal shares held by the Government is £28,910,000.

DEARAGE OF LIFE.**Terrible Sacrifice of Children by Ignorance and Overcrowding.****IMPROPER FEEDING.**

Amazing figures concerning the infantile mortality in the industrial centres are set forth in striking tables by the "Municipal Journal."

During last year Birmingham appears to have been the worst offender, as the following ward death-rates per 1,000 amongst young children will show:—

St. Mary's	331	Nechells	219
St. Bartholomew's	261	Dudlton	216
St. Stephen's	229	St. George's	215
St. Paul's	225	Deritend	208

All these districts are the congested areas of the Midland metropolis. In other industrial districts throughout the country the figures show the same sad state of affairs. Here are a few specimens for the last quarter of 1904 per 1,000:—

Burnley	261	Preston	212
Blackburn	233	Sunderland	201
York	229	Oldham	194

Indeed, in no fewer than twenty-one of the large towns of England and Wales the infantile mortality was more than 150 per 1,000.

Indisputably improper feeding is one of the chief causes of the death of so many little ones.

Dr. Robertson, of Birmingham, gives some remarkable figures on this point in regard to an epidemic of diarrhoea:—

Naturally fed. Natural and bottle. Bottle only. Deaths, 236 10 per cent. 10 per cent. 80 per cent.

Dr. Hope, dealing with a similar outbreak at Liverpool, says that 300 infants out of 1,000 bottle-fed died, as compared with twenty naturally nourished.

The chief causes of the high rate of deaths among infants are:—

Ignorance and neglect in feeding. Poverty of the parents. Effect on mothers of factory life.

This is borne out by the fact that in rural districts a striking contrast is afforded. The appended figures give the ratio per 1,000:—

Wiltshire	91	Hertfordshire	96
Rutlandshire	95	Huntingdonshire	96
Westmorland	95		

Social reformers strongly urge the establishment throughout the country of municipal milk depots.

CONFESSOR FOR CHILDREN**Religious Dispute in Which a Police Inspector Had to Intervene.**

There were some exciting scenes at Worthing on Saturday on the occasion of a special commission of inquiry, ordered by the Bishop of Chichester, as to whether the clergy of St. Andrew's, in the town, had insisted upon confession as a preliminary of confirmation.

It was stated by several witnesses that one of the clergy would not allow any candidates to go to confirmation before they had attended confession.

The clergy implicated deny the charges, and say there were other reasons for refusing a certain candidate.

An application was made that a boy should give evidence.

The chairman (Mr. Hubbard) refused amid cries of "Unfair" and "Let the boy give evidence."

When the proceedings closed a discussion outside between two gentlemen became so heated that a police inspector had to intervene.

CRIMINAL APPEAL.**Bill To Provide Against Recurrence of Mis-carriages of Justice.**

A Bill for the alteration of the law in criminal cases, which is the result of the recommendations of the Beck Inquiry Committee, was issued on Saturday.

The Lord Chancellor backs the Bill, which is to be introduced in the House of Lords. It provides that where a Judge refuses to reserve any question of law an appeal may be made to the King's Bench, whose decision shall be final.

The King's Bench may order the re-trial of the case, and may also, if it is of opinion that the question of a point of law has not resulted in a miscarriage of justice, declare that the judgment shall stand.

In the event of a re-trial or a quarter sessions case being ordered, the Court may direct the case to be tried again at the next assizes.

LIGHTHOUSE INSANITY.

The lonely lot of the Red Sea lighthouse-keepers, who are mostly Englishmen, is far from a cheerful one, and generally leads to neurosis.

They suffer (says the Egypt correspondent of the "Lancet") from sleeplessness, emotional symptoms, tremors, and exaggerated reflexes.

Two men lately committed suicide after leaving Egypt, and a third developed delusions.

RELIGION AND FRAUD.**Solicitor Conducts Family Prayers for People He Robs.**

For misappropriating £7,000 a Bristol solicitor, John Frederick Murly, was on Saturday sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

He was a man of religious professions, and besides preaching at various places of worship at and near Weston-super-Mare he occasionally conducted family prayers at the houses of people he robbed. In one case he met a lady casually at Weston-super-Mare, and she made him sole executor of her will. At her death he should have held her property, amounting to about £1,200, in trust for her children. He disposed of it and absconded to Australia.

Two other cases of misappropriation were dealt with at the same Assizes.

William Frederick Langworthy, practising at Bristol, Nailsea, and Clevedon, was a solicitor for trustees, and disposed of £8,000 of bonds. His deficiency in bankruptcy was £22,000. His term of imprisonment is three years.

Simon Charles Hains, a financier, misappropriated £14,000 from an estate of which he was executor. He disappeared for a year, and was arrested at Hove, where he lived under an alias. His deficiency in bankruptcy was £31,000, his term of imprisonment five years.

GIRL'S REVENGE.**Exciting Drama with an Omnibus Roof as the Stage.**

Lovers at one time, Harry Weston, an omnibus driver, and Edith Simmonds, a homeless servant girl, fell out.

On Saturday she was charged at West London Police Court with cutting his throat.

She travelled behind him on the front seat of his omnibus from the Bank, and when it reached the terminus she leaped forward and attacking him fiercely cut his throat with a razor.

After she had done it she walked down the steps, and said: "Here I am; I am ready. I hope God will punish him to-night by taking the breath out of his body."

The girl, who moaned pitifully in court, was remanded. Weston lies at the West London Hospital, seriously but not fatally wounded.

-2,288 PER CENT.**"Author and Actor's" Amazing Adventure with a Money-lender.**

"Bow-street, Dartmoor to follow," was, it will be remembered, the remark Charles James Cuming, an actor and author, known professionally as Charles Cunningham, made when he gave himself up for obtaining £100 by false pretences.

An astonishing story of money-lending, at an interest of 2,288 per cent., was unfolded on Saturday, when the case was heard at Bow-street Police Court.

Apparently, Cuming went to Eugene Cooper, a registered money-lender, of John-street, Adelphi, and asked for a loan of £100. He said he had an interest in his father's business (Messrs. Cuming and Wells, of Love-lane) of about £1,000, and a total salary and emoluments of £75 a week.

The money was advanced, and was to be repaid in six months, with £44 interest, at the rate of £6 a week. The first instalment was not paid, so, according to the agreement, the whole amount became due, making the interest work out, as the defendant solicitor said, at about 2,288 per cent.

The prisoner was formally remanded for a week for the prison doctor to report on the state of his health, prior to committal for trial.

SCIENTIST'S CONFESSION.

Mr. Alexander Siemens, when impressing the importance of continuous and vigilant observation on the students of the City and Guilds of London Institute on Saturday, made a confession.

When in South America some time ago he read in a paper that a German professor had photographed the skeleton of a hand. "That is the sort of rubbish the papers serve up to their readers," he remarked, but the next day he read of the discovery of Professor Rontgen. What was considered impossible to-day was feasible to-morrow.

NO TERROR IN BIRCHING.

Incurrigible, although only seven years old, Albert Giles is puzzling the authorities to know what shall be done with him.

When charged recently with stealing watches he was shown where and how boys were birched, and then allowed to go home.

This had no effect, however, and on Saturday, at the South-Western Court, an industrial school was sought to take him.

"G. B. S." ON DRESS.

Fierce Indictment of Skirts, Starch, and Blacking.

WHAT LADIES SHOULD DO.

Mr. G. B. Shaw has consented to state to a writer in "The World of Dress" his views upon clothes, and very entertaining and astonishing views they are.

He threw a glance of horror at the sable stole of his lady visitor. "How can you put such a thing round your neck? Doesn't the smell of it annoy you?" he said. And the sable was promptly removed.

"My great idea of clothes is that they should be clean and comfortable," he continued. "This, of course, excludes starch. I couldn't wear a thing which after having been made clean and sweet, is filled with nasty white mud, ironed into a hard paste, and made altogether disgusting."

"The average man considers a hard white shirt the cleanest garment possible, because white is to him a symbol of cleanliness, just as the Red Indian paints his face with vermilion as a symbol of bravery; but it doesn't make him brave."

"I never mention tailors' names. If I do they are ruined. My tailor's name got known once, and the poor fellow had to change it." He was wearing a flannel shirt, unlined coat, and no linen.

Nincompoop at Dressing Prettily.

"In our sordid civilisation, people lose all delight in colour," he pursued. "The commonplace, respectable Englishwoman never talks of red, yellow, or green, but of gay colours, loud colours, nice colours. She becomes an adult in dressing respectfully, and a perfect nincompoop at dressing prettily."

"With this craven dread of colour goes a curious shyness of drapery. Anything soft is considered voluptuous and improper. Stiff cylinders of white and black are the ideal. I have worn one tall hat in my time—I was once too poor to wear anything else."

"As soon as we get through this villainous phase of commercial civilisation we shall get back the joy and colour of life, and loose, graceful garments and noble colours will follow, as a matter of course."

Edmund Yates says in his autobiography that his greatest trial when he was in prison—all editors go to prison at one time or another—was the smell of blacking. I object to anything connected with blacking or starch."

"As regards women's clothes, it is astonishing women put up with them. Any animal with legs, if fettered with a petticoat, let alone several, would eventually go mad, I should have supposed. A human figure with a curtain hung round it from the shoulders to the ankles looks like a badly-made postal pillar. Tie a belt round your middle and you look like a sack with its neck in the wrong place."

Bloomers Condemned.

"Bloomers are a most irrational, ridiculous, and unnatural compromise between male and female attire. Rosalind in her tunic and forester's belt is charming; an opera bouffe girl in tights and a corset is detestable."

"The moment you get a woman with legs and without a corset shape she's charming; clad otherwise she ceases to be human."

Mr. Shaw declared that when he was married the registrar took him for "the inevitable beggar who completes all wedding processions."

"To what do you attribute your present popularity?" he was finally asked. "To my merits," was the laconic answer.

"UNOFFICIAL" DISEASE.

Military Doctors Have To Coin a New Name for Dysentery.

There is the same official blindness among the Russian medical authorities in Manchuria, says the "British Medical Journal," that has occurred in our own army in India and Egypt. In India, at one time, the appearance of typhoid in a report might cost a medical officer his promotion; in Egypt it had to be called "simple continued fever."

In Manchuria dysentery never appears in the returns. It is called "col. ac." (*Colitis acuta*). "There ought not to be dysentery," said a general. So officially it does not exist. But, recently, 900 men have been sent to hospital at one place, suffering from this and kindred diseases, through eating bread covered with a thick pile of velvety moulds, bread which horses refused.

The medical staff is poorly paid, and very much undermanned.

NATIONAL ALDWYCH THEATRE?

A hall for music, dramatic representation, and recreation" for the public benefit on the "island site" of Aldwych.

Such is the proposal that to-morrow Mr. Verney will ask the L.C.C. Music Halls and Theatres Committee to consider.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Prince Arthur of Connaught left Charing Cross for Germany on Saturday, in order to represent the King at the consecration of the new Protestant Cathedral in Berlin.

Mr. O. T. Olson, of Grimsby, has been enrolled a member of the Order of St. Olaf by King Oscar of Sweden.

Captain Philip Woolley, of The Brokes, Reigate, who died in December last, aged seventy-nine years, left £202,937 in net personality.

There is a feeling among some of the younger members of the House of Commons in favour of reviving the once-popular Parliamentary Point-to-Point races.

Engineer-commanders of the Royal Navy will, under a new regulation, be allowed to retire at the age of forty-seven on a pension of £400 per annum. Formerly the retiring age was fifty.

Mr. Robert Armitage, Lord Mayor of Leeds, has been prevailed upon to stand in opposition to Mr. Gerald Balfour, M.P., for Central Leeds, in the Liberal interest at the next election.

One of the propositions of the Trades Unions and Trades Disputes Bill is to legalise peaceful picketing. Another is to exempt a trade union from the recovery of damage caused by actions of its members.

A tiny portrait of Lady Jane Grey fetched £20 guineas at Christie's picture sale on Saturday, and a Romney canvas of Lady Hamilton, as Ariadne, £1,150 guineas. The remarkable figure of £10,063 was reached for 145 lots.

Lord Southesk's remains were cremated and afterwards interred in the family vault at Kinnaid, Forfarshire, on Saturday.

Amongst those seeking the office of rate-collector for Co. Galway is Mr. J. J. Daly, the famous long-distance runner.

ingenious Bradford thieves effected an entrance to premises they burgled by making a hole in the wall from the adjoining empty house.

All over the West of Ireland the constabulary force is being rapidly reduced, and a number of stations have been closed in Cos. Leitrim, Roscommon, and Sligo.

Eight engine-tenders, each capable of conveying about 2,000 gallons, have been placed at the disposal of the Lincoln authorities for the conveyance of water from Newark during the typhoid epidemic.

White linen cap covers are to be provided the Liverpool tramway men for use during the summer months. Each man is to receive two of these covers, which only cost the modest sum of 3d. apiece.

"Without doubt the greatest colonising force in the world." This was the description Sir Arthur P. Douglas gave of the British race in his lecture at the Working Men's College, Great Ormond-street, on Saturday.

A hunting-field romance lies behind the announcement of the engagement of the Rev. John Thornton Steele, vicar of Saffron Walden, with Miss Gertrude Gosling, of the great banking family. Both are keen riders to hounds.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

Descriptions of the Principal Photographs In To-day's "Daily Mirror."

ALL ABOUT THE PICTURES.

4,000-GUINEA EWER.

The beautiful little ewer which is shown in our photograph on page 8 of to-day's issue was found among the common glass in the pantry at Beaumont, one of the residences of the Marquis of Anglesey.

No one apparently had any idea of its value—it was only a trifle 6½in. in height of crystal and silver-gilt—and no doubt it had been where it was found for a long time, exposed to all the ordinary chances of damage or destruction.

When it was offered for sale at Christie's famous salerooms there was the keenest of competition for its possession. Mr. Joseph Duveen opened the bidding with an offer of fifty guineas, and despite the attempts of Herr Salomon, who had journeyed all the way from Dresden to secure the once-neglected trifle, and Mr. Partridge, another well-known dealer, he finally secured the coveted prize, though he had to pay no less than 4,000 guineas in order to do so.

The little ewer is of English workmanship, and must have been wrought in the sixteenth century by some craftsman who had studied Benvenuto Cellini's work to some purpose. Apart from its intrinsic beauty, the quality of the ewer lies in its rarity. Very few at all similar are in existence.

Now probably it is destined to grace the collection of some American millionaire.

PRISON HAIR-CUTTING.

Truly the ways of officialdom are sometimes past understanding—witness the story of Miss Ellen Searle, the young woman whose portrait is reproduced on page 9.

Charged with robbing her mistress, she was brought before the Willesden magistrates, who bound her over, on the promise of the police-court missionary, Mr. Marshall, that he would get the girl a situation, and so secure for her a fresh start.

But when the missionary had made arrangements to fulfil his promise he found that while the girl was under remand the authorities in their inscrutable wisdom had deemed it necessary to cut off her hair, with the result shown in our photograph.

The barbering to which she was subjected has so disfigured the girl that present employment is out of the question; as the missionary said, when explaining the matter to the magistrates, it must be months before she is again sufficiently presentable to resume her work.

REVIVAL TROPHY.

There is a very human interest in the story of the three of spades which is pictured on page 8.

It is a memento which was given to Miss Rees, whose name is written upon it, by a card-shaper, who was brought to see the error of his ways at a meeting conducted by her in Wales. He gave up the rest of the pack of cards he was carrying to be destroyed, as a tangible expression of his new resolutions.

Miss Rees is one of several ladies who have been conducting religious meetings in Wales in connection with the revival headed by Mr. Evan Roberts. She is naturally very proud of the curious and touching little gift she has received from her convert.

CRICKETER AS DEFENDANT.

Mr. "Tom" Hayward, the well-known cricketer, who has so often helped the Surrey team to victory, is to figure as the defendant in an action for alleged breach of promise.

The lady in the case is Miss Margaret McDermid, who has retained Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., and Mr. Clarke Hall to look after her interests in the action. It is said that Miss McDermid is an Australian, and that she will ask for heavy damages.

Mr. Hayward, whose portrait appears on page 9, has engaged Mr. Woootton to represent him during the case, which will shortly come on at the Law Courts before a Judge and common jury.

REMEmBERS WATERLOO.

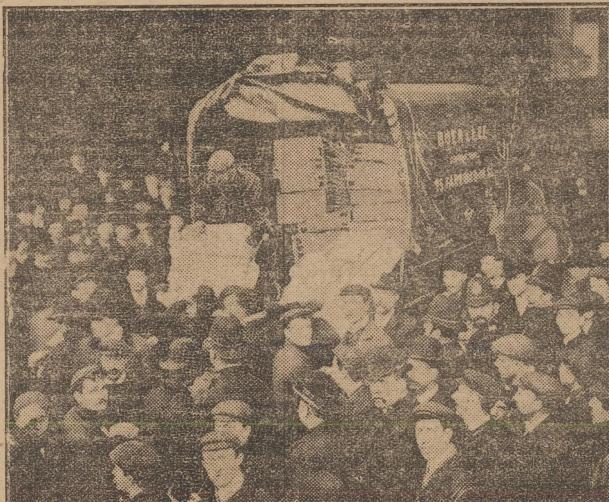
Peal of Bells Rung in Honour of a Centenarian's Birthday.

"Hard work never killed anybody," is the opinion of Mrs. Margaret Vickers, of Ewerby, Lincolnshire, who was 100 on Saturday.

She was married seventy-six years ago, and has living twenty-nine grandchildren and over fifty great-grandchildren. She has only been laid up once in her life, and has a good memory and good sight. The bellringers of the village have rung a peal in her honour. She remembers soldiers returning home from Waterloo.

The village is remarkable for longevity. There are women of ninety-five and eighty-eight, four over eighty, and several over seventy, in a population of 338.

FREE SANDWICHES FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.



Free sandwiches were distributed to nearly 2,000 unemployed on the Embankment by the Social Democratic Federation, which organised the great meeting in Trafalgar-square on Saturday.

In and out of the workhouse for twenty years an inmate is said to have cost the Worcester rate-payers nearly £2,000.

In the record time of twenty seconds the Fire Brigade turned out of the L.C.C.'s new fire station, opened in Burdett-road, E., on Saturday.

Falling head foremost into a tub, the little eighteen-months-old son of a carriageman named Pearson was drowned at Marston, near Grantham.

Mr. Dan Leno's memory is to be perpetuated by the endowment of a cot to be named after the great comedian at the Belgrave Hospital for Children, at Kennington.

At Choppington, Northumberland, on Saturday, a scheme for a co-operative landowning society was approved. Capital is to be raised in £1 shares contributed by co-operative societies, no individual shareholders being admitted, and the land is to be let for small holdings.

Mr. J. W. Stocks, on his 15-h.p. De Dion, made a non-stop reliability run to Edinburgh from London in 20hrs. 32min. The car left Marlborough-street at 8 p.m. on Friday and arrived at Edinburgh at 4:52 p.m. on Saturday at the Automobile Show in good condition. The roads were rather heavy.

A coal-pit shaft, 36ft. deep, in the middle of a Derbyshire road has just been discovered, and has caused much alarm. The opening extends right across Elmsdale, the ancient road leading from Whaley Bridge to Buxton, in the Femelle district. No one dreamt of a shaft being in such a place, and it is being filled up.

After a lapse of nearly sixty years, the Bramham Moor Hounds have met in Wetherby Market-place.

Newcastle Council on Wednesday will discuss a scheme for the housing of the poor to cost £23,000. Provision for 120 families is contemplated.

In June, Sir John Macdonald suggests, motorists should make a general demonstration throughout the whole country on a given day, so that the world may judge of the magnitude of the movement.

Twenty pounds represents the sum of money just received by a labourer named Wilson from Metropolitan Police Constable 300X, who used his truncheon upon him "with unnecessary violence."

Liverpool footballers who had been training at Hornsea, East Yorkshire, for their League match with Grimsby on Saturday, took the opportunity to have a run with the Holderness Hounds. The head and brush were presented to two of the team who were let for small holdings.

The aged catalpa, a tree with simple leaves and trumpet-shaped flowers, in Gray's Inn Gardens, which, tradition says, was planted by Lord Bacon, is showing remarkable vitality. Its healthy-looking leaf-buds give promise that the historic tree, with its three centuries of life, will at least see out 1905.

Fallen upon evil times, a farmer decided to enter the workhouse at Corwen, in Wales. He was allowed out to dispose of his effects, which realised a substantial sum. When asked about the money on his return, he said "it was in a safe place." He will be allowed to remain in the house as long as he pays the guardians 5s. a week for his keep.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
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"O. K." SAUCE MONDAY!
"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O. K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1905

WHAT NEXT?

PICKWICK will have to be rewritten. When Mr. Winkle shot Mr. Tupman by accident there was a general agreement that Mr. Winkle ought no longer to be trusted with a gun. This is quite an old-fashioned view.

What Dickens would do, if he were writing the story to-day, would be to have an inquiry held into Mr. Winkle's case by several impartial persons. These persons would decide that Mr. Winkle had certainly shot his friend, that his action was unjustifiable, and that he was a danger to society. But they would add that "these opinions are not essentially of a nature to cast any reflection on Mr. Winkle's efficiency as a shot."

Really, the ways of Arbitration Tribunals would be beyond belief if we did not know what a solemn farce arbitration always is. The Paris Commissioners, in their careful summary of the events in the North Sea of October 22, make it perfectly clear that in their view Admiral Rojestvensky had no ground whatever for believing that he was being attacked by torpedo-boats.

They declare in so many words that he was responsible for the bombardment of the defenceless Hull trawlers and that his conduct was "unjustifiable." They say that he went on firing longer than was necessary, even if he did believe torpedo-boats to be about; and that he ought to have sent word to the shore that he had been firing upon a fishing fleet.

They suggest that the "watchers on his vessel" were the victims of "a nocturnal optical illusion." (Presumably similar to that which affects those who see two cabs when there is only one.) And then they end up by asserting that his reputation for military efficiency and humanity is unimpaired, and that no reflection is cast upon his officers!

This conclusion is as amazing as it is unsatisfactory. Surely the Russian Government will not be content to keep in its service an Admiral who has been so severely censured in the face of the whole world. They undertook to deal with the person or persons responsible for this ghastly blunder. The next step lies with them.

A WOMAN OF FORTY.

It is comforting to know that the American professor who thinks men are of very little use after forty, and no use at all after sixty, has expressly stated that he excludes women from his sweeping generalisation. Indeed, he goes so far as to say that with Englishwomen forty is often the most attractive age.

This view, or something like it, has been gaining ground with novelists for a long time past. The nursery heroine, the pretty creature who cannot say "Bo!" to a goose or "No" to a man, has ceased to be anybody's ideal. Lately there was a suggestion that she was coming back into favour, but Mr. Andrew Lang pitilessly demolishes that idea in the amusing article we publish to-day from his witty pen.

The woman of forty was once regarded as being permanently on the shelf. It was thought rather indecent if she did not wear a cap. Nowadays we seldom find a heroine much under thirty. At forty a woman is considered to have just attained the interesting age.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

"The man who can do what he likes may be happy. He who likes what he has to do is happier, and wise into the bargain.—Seneca.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

SWEDEN and Norway appear to be competing with Russia for the attention of England just at present. An English Princess has just become engaged to the Crown Prince of Sweden, and now Dr. Nansen, who is almost as well known and admired here as he is in his native country, is about to take up the cause of Norway in the dispute with the neighbouring country. No explorer in recent years (except De Rougemont) has interested Englishmen as he has done. That is no doubt because, in his love of adventure and the sea, Dr. Nansen is very like an Englishman.

He is also like one of us in his manner—in his desire to avoid showing emotion and his habit of taking everything as a matter of course. On his great North Pole expedition this came out, I thought, in an almost comic way. The conversation which took place between Nansen and the Eng-

chosen him to represent England at the consecration of the new Protestant cathedral in Berlin, whither the Prince went on Saturday. Only a few months ago Prince Arthur had an interview with the Pope, and was told by his Holiness how warmly he admired King Edward. It was he, again, who represented the King at the christening of the heir to the crown of Italy. It is not surprising that he should be so often chosen for these diplomatic voyages, for he is a young man who knows well how to get on with people.

* * *

He was very much liked at Eton because he was entirely without "side." Once, when his grandmother, Queen Victoria, had arranged to drive, in an official way, through Eton College, he gave a characteristic example of this. An address was read to her Majesty and three cheers were given by the crowd of the assembled school. The old Queen listened gravely. Then she was heard to

eighteenth century chairs and tables she spends, I am afraid, most of her hard-earned money. But furniture appears to be her one weakness. She has time for no other. I remember seeing her once driving out to Auteuil. In the back seat of the carriage was a journal, apparently interviewing her, with a note-book in hand; and sitting beside her was a playwright, reading her MS. of a play. And yet she looked quite cheerful!

* * *

One of the most amusing conversationalists alive is Sir Frank Burnand. He was at his best at the dinner of the Cambridge Amateur Dramatic Society on Saturday. Sir Frank has always had almost as much to do with plays and actors as with newspapers and "Punch," which he has edited ever since anybody can remember. He himself is a clever, and especially an amazingly quick, playwright. His skit of "Diplomacy," which he called "Diplomacy," was written one night between 11.30 p.m. and 4.30 a.m.!

* * *

He had been attending the first night of "Diplomacy." As he walked home after the performance the idea of a burlesque of it struck him. As soon as he got home, just thirty minutes before midnight, he sat down at his desk and wrote it. At nine the next morning the musical director of the Strand Theatre was setting it to music, and a few nights later it was produced. Sir Frank is rather a hurried man in general, as well as in playwriting. His social engagements take up a lot of his time.

* * *

I heard a funny story of his ready wit, which shows itself even through hurry, the other day. A contributor to "Punch" had sent in four batches of comic verse, all of which had been accepted. Then he sent a fifth batch, and enveloped this in an advertisement of some soap, the manufacturer of which was a friend of his. Sir Frank was in a great hurry. "Punch" had been printed for that week, and he was leaving town for the week-end. He took up the packet, saw the advertisement of the soap, and the unduly thick budget of verse, and wrote in blue pencil across it the words "Won't wash!"

* * *

In the corridor of the theatre the other evening stood a very small man, scarcey more than a boy in appearance, with a sharp little face and a shiny black head, on which was a bowler hat altho' he was in evening dress. "Who know that is?" a friend asked me. "It's Sam Shubert, one of the most successful New York theatre managers, who is building the Waldorf Theatre here in Aldwych, which is to open on May 1. He earned his own living at seven, kept his family when he was fourteen, and now at twenty-six is one of the sharpest business men in the world."

* * *

THE COUPLE OF THE HOUR.

Princess Margaret of Connaught and Prince Gustavus of Sweden and Norway.

BOOTH of them have been betrothed several times already by too enterprising American newspapers. The latest rumour about the Prince was that he was to marry Miss Alice Roosevelt; one of the most recent about the Princess that she was to become Queen of Spain. But, as a matter of fact, neither has ever had any serious attachment before; nor has any other match been thought of for either of them.

Princess Margaret is quite a pretty girl with fair hair that is arranged in a much daintier fashion than the hard "forehead style" so much affected by royal ladies. She has a graceful figure and a pretty complexion, which has never suffered from too much indoor life. She loves the open air, is very fond of bicycling, and has been wisely allowed to gratify her healthy taste for country life to the full.

She will have a large dowry from her maternal grandmother. Her mother has taught her to be a good housekeeper. She is interested in music and art. And she is a charming girl. So the Prince is a fortunate man.

In appearance he is of middle height, dark, and pleasant looking. His father, the Crown Prince, suffers from nerves and bad teeth. Luckily, his eldest son has not so far shown any signs of inheriting these misfortunes.

Though his father has always been liked here, and was our guest as lately as last summer, very little is known as yet about the young Prince in this country. He is coming over, however, on a visit to the Royal Family, who are soon to be his relations by marriage. There can be no doubt about the welcome we shall offer him.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEBRUARY 26.—We all know the gardener who gardens too much. I mean the gardener who is perpetually digging up his borders—who is always making "improvements."

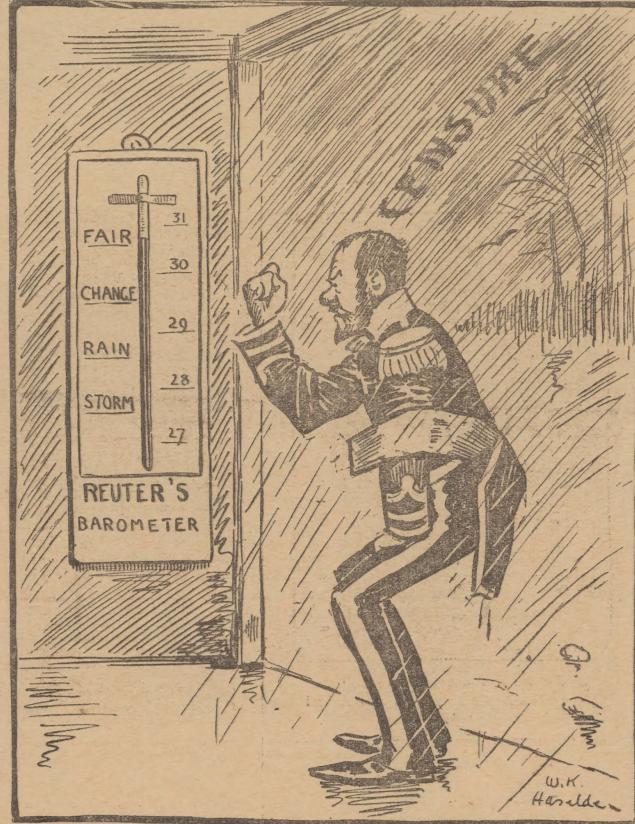
A box which is stocked with perennial plants should be left severely alone until it shows signs of deteriorating. In many cases this will not be for four or five years—perhaps longer.

Beds in which great clumps of healthy plants are blooming are a glorious sight. Round the taller flowers bulbs should appear in sweet disorder.

Of course, many borders must be dug up every year—those planned for tulips, sweet peas, dahlias, etc. Let the too enthusiastic gardener spend his energies on these.

E. F. T.

A VERY MISLEADING FORECAST!



Admiral Rojestvensky has good reason to complain of the forecast of the North Sea findings sent out last week by Reuter's Agency. That suggested he would be completely exonerated. Instead he finds himself caught in a storm of censure and reprobation.

lishman who had gone out to "discover" him sounded like an Offendorf exercise for beginners in French or German. It was absolutely correct, absolutely calm. The two men might have been talking in a back drawing-room instead of amongst the icebergs. One said, "Have you a ship?" The other replied, "No, I have no ship but I have a fishing boat and an axe," or words to that effect. Then the escencer said: "Will you come to my ship?"—"I will," And that was all.

* * *

Nansen ought to be able to deal with any political crisis for he is a man of great presence of mind. His wife, too, is endowed with this useful quality. She came to England when he did, and was asked to sing before Queen Victoria, which she did with complete sang froid. They celebrated New Year's Eve, not long ago, in a very characteristic manner, by climbing the mountain of Norefield in the midst of a fearful snowstorm. They both had snowshoes and were enveloped in furs like Eskimos. They slid down terribly perilous slopes, and crawled along precipice edges, and returned home without considering that they had done more than go for a pleasant tramp together.

* * *

Mme. Réjane, who is being sued at the Westminster County Court for her last season's printing bill, and is coming over to explain, is soon to appear in a new play at the Gymnase—no longer at the famous Vaudeville, since she has finally quarrelled with her husband, M. Poré, who is the manager of that theatre. The great actress has had a most successful tour. Her energy, like that of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, is astounding. While she was in America she conducted the arrangements for her appearance in Paris by means of the lengthiest and most expensive telegrams. And when she arrived at the St. Lazare Station, the first thing she said, upon getting out of the train, to her new manager, was: "We shall begin to rehearse to-morrow, shan't we?"

* * *

Mme. Réjane's white life, indeed, is work—almost the whole of it. Sometimes, however, I have seen her wandering about amongst the old furniture and curiosity shops in Paris, and on

say "Where is Arthur?" and seen to beckon with her fan. "Arthur" was hiding behind two friends, and had to emerge, blushing and ashamed, to embrace his grandmamma in front of the entire school!

* * *

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MIRROR CAMERAGRAPHHS



BETROTHAL OF A BRITISH PRINCESS.



Princess Margaret of Connaught, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and niece of the King, who has just become engaged to—



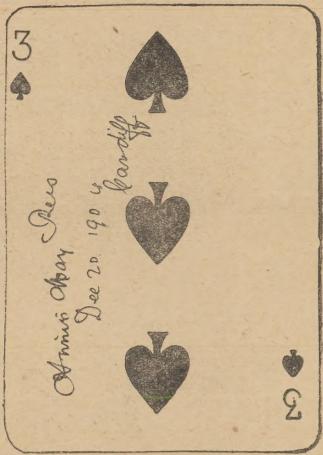
Prince Gustavus of Sweden, Duke of Schoonen, eldest son of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, and grandson of King Oscar. Prince Gustavus will in all probability occupy the dual throne of Sweden and Norway

4,000-GUINEA EWER.



Discovered at the Beau-Desert residence of the Marquis of Anglesey, the little ewer above has just been sold at Christie's for 4,000 guineas.

REVIVAL TROPHY.



Trophy from a converted card-sharper given Miss Annie May Rees at a revival meeting conducted by her at Cardiff.

TO-DAY'S "ROYAL" WEDDING.

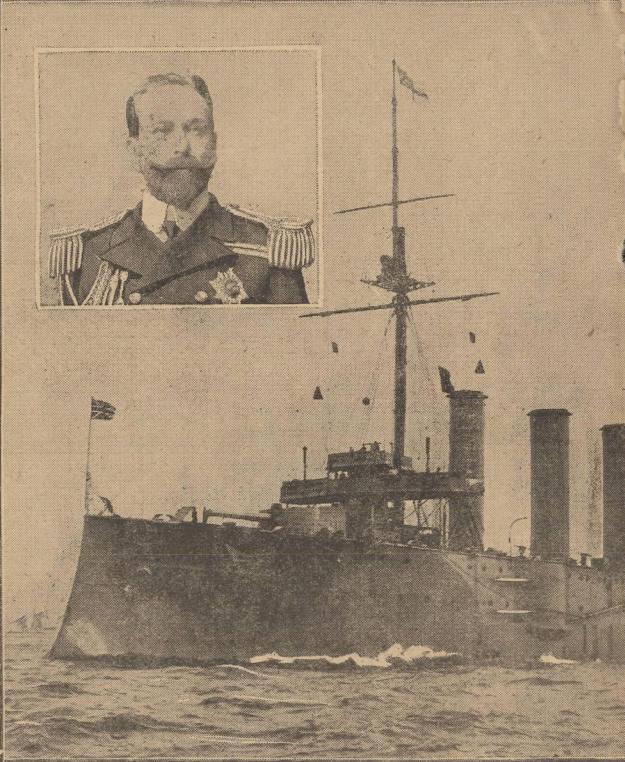


Prince Albert Ghica, who aspires to liberate Albania from Ottoman rule, marries at St. Mary's, Cadogan-street, this afternoon—



Miss Margaret Dowling, a wealthy and beautiful Irishwoman, who is in full sympathy with her future husband's cause.—(Photographs by Thompson.)

KING EDWARD'S VISIT TO PRINCE LOUIS



King Edward to-day pays his promised visit to Rear-Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, Cruiser Squadron, now at Portsmouth. Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose portrait appears most capable junior flag officers in the service, and his flagship, the Drake, shown in our cruisers.—(Photographs by Vandyk and by Vandyk)

YESTERDAY'S GALE—HOARDING COLLAPSE.



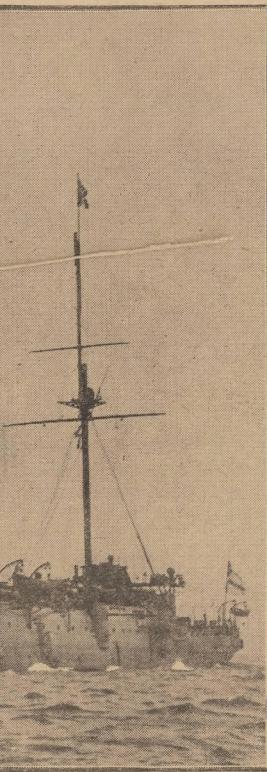
A large hoarding was blown down in Aldgate yesterday-morning, when the wind was blowing with the force of a hurricane. Two men who happened to be passing at the time were seriously injured. Our photograph shows the scene a short time after the accident.—(Copyright Daily Mirror.)

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE PHOTOS

NEWS PHOTOGRAPHS



BATTENBERG.



ard the Drake, flagship of the Second has the reputation of being one of the mining at full speed, is one of our crack

VICTIM OF THE POLICE.



elen Searle, bound over at Willesden Court, and now unable to obtain work her hair being hacked off while she was under remand.

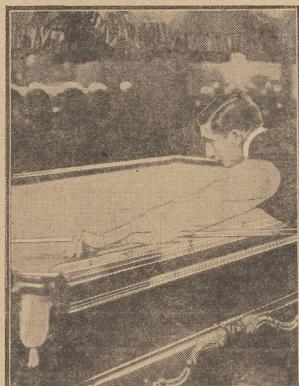
HS SEE PAGE 6.

RECORD BREAKER.



Alfred Shrubb, the well-known runner, who has just broken the Victorian one and four mile records at an athletic meeting at Melbourne. He ran the mile in 4min. 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. and the four miles in 20min. 15 3-5sec.

BEAT ROBERTS.



M. Inman, who has just won a match of 18,000 up at billiards from the veteran Roberts. Inman received 5,500 start, and won by 465 points.

CRICKETER SUED.

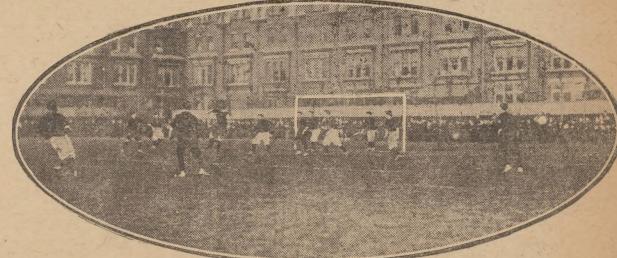


Thomas Walter Hayward, the popular Surrey cricketer, is the defendant in an action for alleged breach of promise brought against him by Miss Margaret McDiarmid, which will shortly come on for trial.—(Rheinold Thiele.)

FOOTBALL MATCH ATTENDED BY THE KING.



The Army football team, victors in the match played on Saturday at Queen's Club, West Kensington. The King and the Prince of Wales, as well as a large number of naval and military officers, were present.



A snapshot photograph taken during the match between Navy and Army at the Queen's Club. The Army team won by two goals to none.



The Navy football team, which played at Queen's Club. Although they started well and made a stubborn fight of it, the "handy men" had to lower their colours to the Army representatives.

CORINTHIANS v. QUEEN'S PARK, GLASGOW.



There was a big crowd at Leyton to see the match between the Corinthians and the crack Scotch amateurs. It was a well-contested fight, the Corinthians finally proving victors by 2 goals to 1.

"MILD AS MILK."

Are Novel-readers Taking to the
Nursery Heroine?

FEW SIGNS OF CHANGE.

The Strongly-flavoured Heroine Still the
Favourite of Our Chief Novelists.

By ANDREW LANG.

Some bookish authority says that "We are now taking heroines mild and rather flavourless . . . quite schoolroom models of sound genre and wholesome sentiment." I would gladly take any number of such wholesome heroines, but are they so very common?

Of recent heroines I remember one who poisoned her old grandfather (certainly an unamiable country gentleman) with chloroform, and who "had a great mind" (like Mr. Justice Best) to remove a hated rival in the same way. The hated rival, however, accidentally anticipated the purpose of the heroine by overdoing herself with the anæsthetic.

Can we call this heroine "mild and rather flavourless"—like a cigar of insufficient bouquet? She affected it as the Magnifico Pomposo was affected in "Verdant Green."

Another heroine ran away—leaving her child and husband—with a rather mild and flavourless young man. The injured husband found them in a country inn in the course of the evening, waiting for a yacht, which, in the interests of morality, was storm-stayed.

PUNISHING HER HUSBAND.

The husband threatened to kill himself and child if the wife did not come home. She was unmoved, but, as the young man could not bear to be responsible for the death of the baby, this strong and full-flavoured heroine was constrained to return with her husband, whom, we learn, she passionately adored.

To run away was only "pretty Fanny's way" of exhibiting a temporary pique. Her sentiment was not of the schoolroom type; schoolgirls date on babies.

A third heroine, moving in the highest circles, passed her time at hotels with a married man; her dear relations apparently never asked where she was: being much more careless than the parents of May Margaret in the old ballad of "Clerk Saunders."

They merely provided Margaret with the medicinal equivalent for a latchkey; and "the end did not justify the proceedings." Margaret, however, remained true to the ghost of Saunders (clerk in holy orders).

Of another heroine I hear, who married a gentleman, apparently at large, but, in fact, a runaway member of the austere and exclusive Society of Trappists. Discovering the true state of things, this firm heroine trundled her husband back to his monastery, where I suspect they "killed him—with whapping," like the boy about

on his way to his first school.

That heroine, though moral, was "a very fair-minded woman," as another schoolboy described Queen Elizabeth. Many a modern heroine, tired of her Trappist, would have eloped with a Benedictine or a Jesuit.

Look at Mr. A. E. W. Mason's heroines. They are good (in fact, they are ladies, which is very unusual), but how firm and uncompromising they are! One of them gives her affianced lover a white feather, because, knowing that war was at hand, he sent it in his papers. This was a strong measure; not flavourless and mild.

The last heroine I have met painted her face, and (regretting that she had not done so earlier, and had more fun) went and drowned herself in a fit of remorse for her virtuous past. "She was St. Satan's penitent."

Personally, I take my heroines mild, affectionate, and addicted to cricket and Mrs. Radcliffe's novels, like Catherine Morland in "Northanger Abbey." Also, I adore Rose Bradwardine, in "Waverley," who had never heard of "Romeo and Juliet," but fell in love in a pretty natural, unassuming way.

School-room form, if you please; but I prefer them of that type. Where are they to be found in modern fiction?

ANDREW LANG.

"DAY IN BABY'S LIFE."

Strauss's New Work Received with Enthusiasm at Queen's Hall.

At last Richard Strauss's much-discussed "Domestic Symphony" has been heard in this country. Its performance on Saturday afternoon at Queen's Hall will rank as one of the musical events of the year.

Amongst the audience (which completely filled the hall) were many enthusiasts from Manchester, Liverpool, and other towns in the musical north.

The verdict was unmistakable. At the close the audience rose and cheered Mr. Wood, who has secured one of his greatest triumphs by a superb performance of this enormously difficult but magnificent work (which, I understand, has cost some hundreds of pounds to produce). Five new instruments had to be specially made for it.

Having heard the work twice (I was present at the final rehearsal) I am of opinion that it is by far the finest Strauss has ever written.

BABY'S BATH TREATED MUSICALLY.

Of course, there are many eccentricities. The "baby's bath" music is simply frenzied nonsense, but one might well interpret the dit (above which the "husband" theme is sternly heard) to mean the splashing and screams of the child in the water.

Then there is the loud beating of a tambourine in the finale, which it is suggested represents parental correction of the child. Other grotesque passages there are, representing such things as the awakening in the morning and the dispute between the parents about the child's future; but, taken as musical humour, one can tolerate them.

On the other hand, there are pages and pages of wonderfully beautiful music. The "Child" section, with its exquisite theme representing the child, the delightful little lullaby, the scherzo representing the child at play and its parents' happiness, the love scene in which the husband and wife themes play prominent parts—all these may be appreciated by anyone, whatever their musical taste.

H. J. C.

ashamed of herself, and furious with him, and a little indignant with Vanna for taking his appearance so calmly. But then she reflected that it was unfair to blame Mrs. Tempest, as she knew nothing about his having been at Perivale, or his knowing that she and her daughter were at Green-street, and naturally assumed that, hearing that Lady Betty was in London, it was the most ordinary thing in the world for him to call on her.

Vanna greeted him with perfect composure. Joan gave him a hand that was cold as ice, and her murmured greeting was almost inaudible; and Lady Betty saw how rigorously the mother averted her eyes from the daughter, and remembered, with a pang of breathless apprehension, that, as far as Vanna Tempest knew, the girl had not set eyes on Anthony Heron since that day in Paris, when she brought the Duke of St. Peter's to the Rue Marbeuf to tell her mother that she could not marry him, as she had given her heart to another. Of the fact that Joan had gone to the Ritz Hotel to say good-bye to her mother was as profoundly ignorant as she was of their meeting a day or two ago at Perivale.

Absolutely and innately of the world herself, and accustomed all her life to its make-beliefs and pretences, she marvelled at the consummate sang-froid of the woman who had brought about such a frightful disaster in the past by her lawless and overmastering passion for this man.

Vanna was chatting easily with Anthony Heron about her travels, about the hundred and one things that men and women discuss when they are talking for the sake of making conversation.

Lady Betty was forced to join in for the sake of appearance, and, after a while, Tony turned to Joan and asked her one or two questions—as to how she liked England, and so on—and she answered in her shy, straightforward way; and Lady Betty told herself that the veriest spirit of the most perverse mischance must be brooding over

her drawing-room in Green-street to let such impossible and incredible things come to pass.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

SIR HENRY IRVING.

I have read your sympathetic reports and comments about Sir Henry Irving's illness with great pleasure and interest.

Would it not be a graceful act on the part of all who have derived enjoyment from his acting to combine to present the great actor with a farewell testimonial?

I feel I should like very much to show my gratitude and affection for him in this way. I think many others must share the feeling.

LYCEUM FIRST-NIGHTER.

Green-street, Park-lane.

"TOO OLD AT FORTY."

All Professor Osler's friends in this country are much amused at the seriousness with which his remarks on age have been received.

I do not think he was exactly joking when he said men over forty were much good and no one over sixty was wood. I fancy he was just encouraging the young men of his University to regard the future as belonging to them.

I am sure he did not mean to be taken literally. Why, in five years he would have to be chloro-formed himself.

A. C. MCB.

Lord Warden Hotel, Dover.

BIBLE CRITICISM.

Dr. Torrey asks, "What criticism of the Bible has endured for eighteen years when analysed?" The criticism he refers to has been vigorously existent for considerably more than a century, and has every sign of being permanent.

It is a mistake to think the critics are "attacking the Bible"; they attack, not the Bible, but erroneous ideas of the Bible's character. If someone claimed that Shakespeare or Chancery was divinely inspired, should we be "attacking Shakespeare" by exposing the error?

INCOLA.

CHANCE FOR TRADE UNIONS.

In view of the large number of unemployed now walking the streets of London, may I suggest a partial remedy which would alleviate a large proportion of misery and suffering?

Why do not the trade unions encourage the working man, when in employment, to put by a little week by week, and take care of the money for him; and in times of distress like this give out so much per week to each man who has saved up?

Expenses incurred by the trade unions could be paid by the interest which would accrue if the money was carefully invested.

W. GEO. BURNS.

MOTOR-CAR "DRIVERS."

With regard to the letter from our correspondent of Newmarket. If the stuck-up, shiny, conceited individuals called "chauffeurs" knew the meaning of the term, they would surely prefer being called "mechanicians." "Chaufeur" means "stoker"; "mechanician" means "driver." So are they called on French railway engines.

E. H.

Park-avenue, Ilford.

CORELESS APPLES.

Can anyone tell me where the coreless apple trees, in which I understand a big business is being done, are to be obtained?

I have been trying to discover the agent for them without success.

F. KIRBY.

Little Hickmotts, Marden, Kent.

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mentioning this paper.

A MAN IN A MILLION

By CORALIE STANTON
and HEATH HOSKEN.

CHAPTER XLIV.

The simplest weapons are wielded by the strong.

The man who had never lacked a warm welcome in this house, or any other, followed close on the servant's heels.

Lady Betty was the only person who showed the slightest agitation. She had been in the act of raising her teacup to her lips. She dropped it with a clatter into the saucer, and laid it down on the table beside her, mindless of a stream of the hot liquid that trickled down the front of her gown. She rose to her feet with flushed cheeks, and for a second it seemed as if she were going to rush to the door and literally bar Anthony Heron's progress into the room.

But she stopped in time, and looked at the other two women. They were, to all appearances, quite unconcerned. Vanna had a perfect self-control, partly natural, and partly trained in the hard school of the last few years. Joan was struck dumb and almost dazed by this perfectly simple solution of the hopeless problems as to how she and Anthony Heron were ever going to meet again.

Tony himself wore the ordinary aspect of a man calling on a friend in the conventional way, and showed not a trace of embarrassment, but not a little surprise, and a genuine and unaffected pleasure at the sight of Mrs. Tempest and her daughter.

Lady Betty sank back into her chair, and greeted him with a return to her normal manner. She was

ashamed of herself, and furious with him, and a little indignant with Vanna for taking his appearance so calmly.

But then she reflected that it was unfair to blame Mrs. Tempest, as she knew nothing about his having been at Perivale, or his knowing that she and her daughter were at Green-street, and naturally assumed that, hearing that Lady Betty was in London, it was the most ordinary thing in the world for him to call on her.

When the door had closed on them, Lady Betty sat erect in her chair for a few moments, with her lips shut tightly, as if she had so many things to say, and such burning ones, that she could not trust herself to speak.

Then Tony smiled inquiringly into her face, and descended the storm of her righteous indignation burst and descended on her head.

"Really, this is monstrous!" she exclaimed.

"Lady Betty," he began, in his most caressing tones, but she interrupted him furiously.

"I thought at least you were a gentleman, Tony," she said. "I see I was mistaken. Your conduct is unpardonable."

"Why, dear Lady Betty?"

"It is sheer persecution of people who cannot defend themselves."

"I have always found you singularly skilful with all the weapons of social defence," he remarked, with his winning smile.

"I am not talking about myself. You know that perfectly well. And to joke about such a position is unheard of; you are behaving like the most ardent cad. You knew they were here."

"Of course, I did."

"As if it were not enough to go and force yourself on that unfortunate girl at Perivale!"

"Come, Lady Betty, does that adequately describe the position? I think not. Not quite adequately, at any rate. You are such a warm

(Continued on page 11.)

BLUEBEARD II.

Methods by Which Johann Hoch Married Forty Wives.

BASE USE OF HYPNOTISM.

Aided by an Unsuspecting Italian He Entrapped His Second Victim in Chicago with Great Ease.

In previous chapters we have told how Johann Hoch, the "Chicago Bluebeard," who is accused of having gone through the marriage ceremony with no fewer than forty women, went to the United States from Germany in 1894.

Setting in Milwaukee, he gained the confidence of a widow boarding-house-keeper, married her for her savings, and, it is alleged, poisoned her.

Shortly afterwards he met an Italian professor of hypnotism, who assured Hoch that he could make any woman obey him. Hoch determined to study hypnotism, and, accordingly, took lodgings at the same boarding-house as the Italian.

CHAPTER III.

Hoch was intently studying a book on hypnotism. He occupied a room on the second floor, half bed, half sitting room.

A knock came at the door, and the Italian entered the room.

"Ah, my friend," he said, "you are comfortable here; and, the widow she is all that I promised. To-night I shall show you how easily she can be led. It is a little matter of getting her will in subjection, and the good Mrs. Steinbrecher will do anything you wish."

Hoch laughed his low, sinister laugh. "Even to the extent of—"

"Anything at all. I could make her marry me if I wished, but I have no use for a wife just now."

The Italian stopped and laughed suddenly. "You shall marry her if you like," he said, "and you will at least have some good city property and a little money in addition."

"A good joke," said Hoch, and laughed immoderately.

That night the Italian signalled to Hoch with his eyes as he took his place beside the widow in the comfortable parlour after supper. Though he appeared to read, Hoch watched carefully. Mrs. Steinbrecher sat with folded hands intently listening to the Italian as he talked in a low monotone.

Suddenly she lifted her head and looked at Hoch with a smile. The Italian nodded significantly.

"Mrs. Steinbrecher is much interested in you, Mr. Hoch," he said. "Will you take my place, and tell her something of your travels?"

He crossed the room swiftly, then turned by the door. "Oh, Mr. Hoch," he called in a loud tone, "about that matter we were talking of; the thing can be done by simple suggestion. Anything you wish, you know, can be brought about by suggesting it in a natural tone of voice."

The other people thought he referred to some discussion concerning his hypnotic art, and took little heed. The German's eyes gleamed. He understood that the hypnotist was giving him practice.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page 10.)

partisan, Lady Betty, and such a good and loyal friend, that—forgive me—you are in danger of becoming plus royaliste que le roi. Did Mrs. Tempest seem particularly upset, or angry, because I called on you while she happened to be staying in the house?"

"How else could she behave?" was the angry retort. "Good heavens, the woman is a loss to the stage!" Lady Betty added bluntly.

"I thought she was simply splendid," he said. "I never admired her so much as I did to-day."

"I don't care about Mrs. Tempest," Lady Betty went on. "She is old enough to take care of herself. She is a most extraordinary woman. I used to think she was all feeling, all emotion; but she has given me a great many surprises. Mrs. Peter, Tony! It is so unfair—so abominably unfair!"

"Why is it unfair? What is unfair?" he asked. "That you should see her—that you can't leave her alone. I don't believe in you, Tony. I never shall again. You haven't kept your word."

"I never gave it."

"Then you ought to have. I can forgive everything, except a man using his strength against a woman's weakness. I have all sorts of suspicions about you. I don't know what to think."

"I don't understand you, Lady Betty," he said quietly, and emphatically. "I don't know what you are accusing me of. I never promised to keep out of Mrs. Tempest's way for the rest of my life. I never gave my word not ever to seek to see her daughter again. I did nothing. She was taken away from me. I told you the other day that I considered it was all wrong."

"Do you mean to say," asked Lady Betty, aghast, "that you are going to begin all over again?"

tical proof of his power over the woman. He nodded, and sat down by Mrs. Steinbrecher.

"I am a lonely man," he said in a low tone; "this is the first house I have been in since I left Germany which seemed in any way home-like to me. It is because, perhaps, you remind me so much of one I loved who is—." He stopped. The woman questioned softly, "Who is dead, Mr. Hoch?"

He dropped his head on his hand for a moment.

"I, too, am lonely," she whispered.

The man looked round the room significantly. He allowed her to understand that with others present he was powerless to speak. Then he rose, said "Good-night," and held her hand a moment.

Ten days later the woman married him. He had studied this black art of fascination to some advantage.

Two months went by, and one night Hoch brought a friend home with him. "I have made my will, my dear," he told his wife, "so that if anything happened you would be provided for. It would be a wise precaution for you to do the same."

Without demur the woman agreed. The friend was a lawyer, and a will was drawn up that same night.

A fortnight later she was dead. Hoch seemed prostrated, and declared he could stay in the house no longer.

So he once more disappeared. His friends were told the same story, but the man travelled no farther than a suburb on the other side of the city, where he furnished a flat. He grew side whiskers and called himself Jacob Schmidt. Here he married a Mrs. Martha Hercfeldt, who had £300.

"I have to go away on business for a few days," he told her after they had been married some few months.

He had got the woman's money under the plea of investing it more profitably, and he simply disappeared out of her life.

(To be continued.)

SIR FRANK BURNAND,



The guest of the evening at the Jubilee dinner of the Amateur Dramatic Club at Cambridge. Sir F. Burnand, known to everybody as the genial editor of "Punch," was one of the founders of the club.—(Russell.)

again, that you are going to deliberately set yourself to bring more unhappiness, more misery into these poor women's lives? Tony, I don't recognise you; you are a perfect monster."

"Lady Betty, I repeat that I don't understand you," he said very quietly and gravely. "I don't know why you see these terrible visions in the future. Mrs. Tempest and I long ago agreed to forget the past and be friends; and you yourself told me the other day that her daughter was going to marry the Duke of St. Peter's."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Lady Betty sharply. "I said she ought to. You know very well that no woman would look at any other man if you set your mind on winning her. That's why I think you're such a cad!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How do you know that I have set my mind on winning her, Lady Betty?" he asked.

"It stands to reason. What else should you be hanging about wasting your time for? I really think your brain is going, Tony," she added, almost amused, even in the midst of her genuine apprehension and displeasure. "You have never before paid me the poor compliment of taking me for a fool."

"I will be frank with you, Lady Betty," he said with the most dazzling sincerity. "You don't deserve it in the least; you deliberately told me things that were not true, and my only satisfaction is that you defeated your own ends, for, if you had told me the truth, I should probably have been weak enough to agree not to go to Perivale."

"I hadn't the slightest idea that she was going to be at Perivale," said Lady Betty indignantly.

"But you knew that she and her mother were living at Little Brady, in a house that you had lent to them," he reminded her; "and yet you told me that you didn't know where they were."

"I was a fool," she groaned.

EX-PRINCESS'S POETRY.

Woes of a Loveless Marriage with a Royal Bridegroom Expressed in Verse.

COUNTESS MONTIGNOSO'S BOOK.

The "Countess Montignoso," the divorced wife of the King of Saxony, has written a good deal of verse in her time, and a little book of it has just been issued by a Leipzig publisher.

It is mostly poor stuff of the kind that very young men—and, less often, very young women—write when they fancy themselves in love. Nearly all the pieces lament that the writer was made to marry a prince she disliked and could not follow her own inclinations. For instance:

Thou art for ever lost to me,
Thou never canst be won to me;
I have obtained that round my heart
Sorrow, not joy, should twine.

Her, again:

Dear one, I see thee stand before me
Simple and open as the day;

I may but look into thine eyes;

From love I must stand far away.

Sometimes the Princess struck a more passionate note:

Still my lips burn with thy kiss,
My heart still throbs with fluttering bliss;
But, woe is me, my dream is over,
Grief is now my only lover.

Whether these heart-throbs were addressed to the tutor with whom the Princess ran away does not appear.

SEVEN-YEAR-OLD CRITIC.

"Master Mirror" Discusses the 100th Performance of "Peter Pan."

Papa says I must write down about "Peter Pan." He took me last week. It has been going on a hundred times now. They did not seem tired.

Peter Pan is a dear little boy. When he tells the other children to look at the wolves through their legs and drive them away it is lovely. So is the dancing of the children with pillows on their legs. I wish I had been taught to fly away with Wendy and lived down the trunk of a tree. It would have been lovely.

I do not think I should like to have a dog for my nurse. My Nana says it would be horrid, and I expect she knows. It was a very nice dog in the play. I liked when it felt in the bath with his paw to see if the water was too hot for Wendy's bath. And when he took the nasty medicine. I wonder if Nana knows about dogs. He is a lovely dog.

The pirates and the Indians are like what papa reads to me out of books. They are real people. I thought they were made up in books. And about children flying away and living by themselves under the ground and building houses and going on ships. I thought that was all made up. But you see them doing it. I should like to see them doing it again. It was lovely.

At the present rate of crumbling, England will have been swallowed up by the sea in the year 1284.—"Frankfurter Zeitung" (German).

Mrs. Tempest, and asked her to bring her daughter to stay with you on the very day when you knew I was going down to Perivale. You meant that there should be no possibility of my meeting her."

"I did it for the best. Good Heavens, you don't suppose—"

"I suppose nothing," he put in, with a very warm and friendly note in his voice. "I know, Lady Betty, that your motives are of the very purest and best, and that you are moved by a perfectly unselfish desire to spare pain and unpleasantness to people who are your friends."

"I've had enough of it," she murmured disconsolately. "I think I shall never meddle in other people's concerns any more."

"I think you would be very wise," he said drily. "To be frank, I think you've done a great deal of harm, Lady Betty."

"Well, what do you mean to do?" she asked peremptorily. She was not accustomed to being taken to task like this. "Do you suppose Mrs. Tempest will ever consent to your marrying her daughter?"

"That is not the question," he answered. "I had a different object in coming here. There were a good many people at Perivale. They all knew that I had met Mrs. Tempest's daughter before. My Princess Blue Eyes, Lady Betty, was placed in a very difficult position. She behaved—like a princess. Well, she began to go back to the world. Somebody will. She is much too beautiful to be buried in obscurity, especially if her mother, as you say, is bent on her marrying St. Peter's."

Mrs. Grampian was claiming the honour of presenting her only the other day."

"I don't see how all this affects you," said Lady Betty. "Of course, I shall bring her out this season."

(Continued on page 18.)

ENORMOUS DEMAND FOR

"ANTIPON."

SUCCESSFUL IN EVERY CASE.

If immediate success and an extraordinary public demand for a remedy be a proof of its efficacy, then "Antipon" stands in the forefront of all remedial agents discovered in recent years. The truth is, "Antipon," as a cure for the disease of obesity, possesses two essential qualities which it would be hard to seek in old-time methods and remedies for the cure of corpulence. In the first place, it

PERMANENTLY CURES OBESITY,

that is, apart from its rapidly expelling from the system every particle of superfluous and unwholesome fatty matter, both subcutaneous and internal, it destroys the dreaded tendency to "put on flesh," so that, once the blood and muscles are freed from the clogging and floating fatty matter, there need be no fear of a recurrence of the excessive adipose. Secondly, "Antipon" is positively

A STRENGTHENING CURE.

In this particular, as in all others, it is radically different from the dangerous methods of fat reduction which compelled the unfortunate patient to adopt semi-starvation and excessive sweating, and to poison the system with drugs, mostly mineral and very injurious. These discarded treatments were never permanent in their weight-reducing results—unless they permanently ruined the constitution. If not, the fat began to form again as soon as the remedies (so-called) were discontinued and the patient had recovered his (or her) appetite. The only help that "Antipon" requires is that the patient should have a

KEEN APPETITE,

and satisfy it with good nourishing food. Thus the rapid decrease of fat is accompanied by as rapid an increase of muscular tissue. The blood becomes richer and purer; the circulation is improved; the skin is also acted upon, and, its action being freer, helps to carry away impurities. Now, the necessary "keen appetite" is created by the splendid tonic properties of "Antipon," which also assists digestion, assimilation, and nutrition. Hence the strengthening process goes on throughout the course of treatment.

FEED UP AND GROW THIN!

might be the motto, paradoxical as it may seem, adopted for "Antipon." Not the least of its beneficial results is the freeing of the vital organs—the heart, liver, and kidneys—from the dangerous accumulations of fat that interfere with their natural functional activity, and threaten "fatty degeneration," with sometimes fatal consequences. After a few doses of "Antipon," the breathing becomes easier, because the lungs have fuller play; and the patient will begin to take healthy outdoor exercise with less fatigue; and so, gradually, with the reduction of weight, there will come a feeling of exhilaration of spirits with increased energy—almost a

RENEWAL OF YOUTH,

both in appearance and physical and mental alertness. From the very first dose "Antipon" shows its remarkable power. Within a day or eight there will be a reduction of 8ozs. to 3lbs. (sometimes more, when the case is one of extreme obesity). Then, day by day there is a sure, steady, and gratifying decrease of weight until the proportions of the entire body, face, and figure are all that one can desire. With that result the doses may cease; the cure is permanent. "Antipon" is

ENTIRELY HARMLESS.

It is a pleasantly tart liquid of a red-wine-like appearance, is free from any objectionable substance, and entirely non-mineral.

Apart from the hundreds of unsolicited testimonials in the possession of the "Antipon" Company, the Press everywhere has given the most cordial tribute to the truly remarkable qualities of "Antipon," not only as an absolutely permanent weight-reducer, but also as a tonic of the most valuable description. To conclude, there is another property possessed by "Antipon" which will be appreciated by many; it is very economical in use, and its price places it within the reach of moderate purses.

A SHEFFIELD TRAINED NURSE writes:

"I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

"Bath.

"Please dispatch 'urgent' another parcel. It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from Eczema; it has been slowly healing ever since the first week, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin."

(Mrs.) "G. D.—"

"Antipon" can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2s, 6d, and 4s, 6d, per bottle, or should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance) post free under private package direct from the Sol Manufacturers:

THE "ANTIPON" CO.,
13, BUCKINGHAM-ST., Strand, London, W.C.
Telegraphic Address, "Corpulence, London."

"My approval of White's Assurance Trading Co. was based on the ground that the payment of life assurance and sick benefit to customers for their tea is guaranteed by an insurance company of repute."

"TRUTH," 10th Nov., 1904.

EXACTLY.

The strong and distinguishing features of our business are that the death, sickness, and accident benefits are based on sound actuarial calculations, and payments are guaranteed by

The British Equitable Assurance Co., Ltd.,

established over 50 years, and whose Accumulated Funds amount to £1,825,412—that is, nearly

TWO MILLIONS STERLING.

WHAT WE OFFER.

Weekly purchasers of **WHITE'S ASSURANCE TEA, COCOA, or COFFEE**, may become entitled (subject to rules which may be had on application) to

**A lump sum at death, from £2 to £42.
Double benefits in cases of fatal accident
from £4 to £84.**

And payments in case of Sickness or non-fatal accident from 4/- to 16/- per week.

Mr. W. MORGAN writes:

"Dear Sir—I beg to state I have resumed my work again, and I thank you very much for your promptness in sending my sick pay. I wish your Company every success."

Mrs. C. VEARS writes:

"Gentlemen—I have received sick pay money safely, and am very pleased, as I am sure it is a good thing, and I hope many will join and take the Tea, as it is very good. I shall recommend it to all my friends."

We invite you to write us to-day for full particulars and list of those who have already received benefits.

**White's Assurance Trading Co., LTD.,
17, FENCHURCH STREET, LONDON, E.C.**

ENERGETIC AGENTS WANTED.

APPLY FOR TERMS.



NURSE J. A. WALTER

Influenza and How to Fight it

THE real nature of influenza is still very little understood. Every doctor will tell you that. The most that science can do, therefore, at present, is to treat the symptoms. The overpowering despondency, which is the most frequent and distressing accompaniment of influenza, simply means that the vitality is very much reduced.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

contains cod liver oil in its most absorbable and therefore most effective and economical form. Cod liver oil contains a vital principle (not found in other fats and oils), which, reinforced in Scott's Emulsion by the valuable hypophosphites of lime and soda, alleviates in a very special way the distress caused by influenza and promptly

Builds up the system

so that other illness does not follow—

then you are cured!

Reinforce the vitality with Scott's Emulsion and your depression (which after all is purely physical in its origin) will surely vanish.

Nurse Walter's experience is typical. On 5th August last she wrote us from 7, Waterloo Terrace, Newent, Gloucestershire:—"I had a severe attack of influenza and owing to my calling as Parish Nurse I could not possibly take a rest. I felt so giddy and weak that I was scarcely able to mount my bicycle. I started taking Scott's Emulsion and by the end of the week I could mount my cycle and ride for miles without feeling the least exhausted. By the time I had finished the second bottle I felt quite strong again. Yours truly, Nurse J. A. Walter."

Send at once for a free sample bottle (enclosing 4d. for postage and mentioning this paper) to SCOTT & BOWNE, Ltd., 10-11, Stone-cutter St., London, E.C.



We guarantee these teapots to be Real Silver Electroplated, holding 2½ pints. If you want one, write and send us to us (P.O. or stamp) for one of our Beautiful Presentation Real Silver-plated Teaspoons. Our Free-Gift Teapots are catalogued at 2½s. each, but in order to give you a real value for your money we offer you if you take advantage of our marvellous offer which we send. After you receive our Beautiful Teapot—a veritable work of the silversmith's art—we shall expect you to return the silver-spoon, and we shall then direct your attention to this article. Colonial orders 6d. extra.

THE SILVER PLATE CO., (Dept. 47),
32, Delacre Crescent, London, W.

Boneless Corsets
PERFECT
FULL SUPPORT
Without Pressure Lightest Weight ever
produced. Made of Special
Silk Thread and
CORSET & CLOTHING CO., LTD.,
MANSFIELD ROAD, NOTTINGHAM.
Please write for List.

BRONCHITIS

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' EVIDENCE.

SKUSE'S HERBAL COUGH MIXTURE

IS THE INCOMPARABLE CURE FOR
COUGH, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND
PULMONARY TROUBLES.

The finest Medicine in the World for Children, being of a pleasant, soothing nature, gives the little patients the comfort of a night's rest and refreshing sleep.

IN BOTTLES 7½d., 1½d., & 2½d., FROM
SCOTT'S DRUG STORES, INTERNATIONAL TEA
STORES, & CHEMISTS, EVERYWHERE.

DON'T LOOK OLD! KEEP YOUR SITUATIONS.

LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER.

DARKENS IN A FEW DAYS.

2/6

PER DOZEN.

Id. per dozen extra
for postage.

PHOTO POSTCARDS

FROM YOUR OWN PHOTOGRAPHS AT A BEFORE UNHEARD-OF PRICE.

EXCEPTIONAL OFFER made only to advertise the "DAILY MIRROR." Send any Photograph you may have—of Yourself, Wife, Child, Pet, or Home, with a Coupon and Postal Order for one. The original will be returned. Call and see these Postcards at F.C., and 45, New Bond Street.

"DAILY MIRROR"
F.C. 27, 1906.
Enclose Coupon with
your order.

SMART WALKING TOILETTES FOR THE FIRST WARM SPRING DAY.

FUTURE OF FASHION.

PARASOLS EXPECTED IN MILLIONS.

Every day that passes brings us nearer those sunny spring days that will justify the appearance of our pretty new robes, our smart, fresh millinery, and the hundred and one charming adjuncts of the toilette that the modern programme of smart dressing requires.

Hats Worn Almost Perpendicularly.

There are many new modes in the millinery of the moment, but, possibly, the most noticeable item to be mentioned concerning them is the unanimity with which their makers have posed the bulk of the trimming upon the backs of the hats. Moreover, a large number of the models—indeed the majority of them, are tilted forward over the face in a fashion that is distinctly quaint, and the trimming is massed under the brim or against the brim and hair at the back.

The marquise shape promises to hold its own, and is to be as popular in straw and tulie as it has been in felt and fur. A very pretty example of this shape is carried out in gauged green tulie, with knots of velvet and stiff bunches of roses or other flowers about it. The green should be the leaf variety, partly green and partly grey, with hints of yellow in it, which blends well with any other colour, and is mellow without being vivid.

The makers of artificial flowers still boldly bid defiance to nature, and though one's sense of the fitness of things may be wounded by blue and green and lavender and brown roses, there is no denying the fact that they do achieve some charming colour schemes by the aid of these lovely but unnatural blossoms.

Large hats are to be worn, but the new hat par excellence is the small one, which is seen in some very odd forms. There is the round hussar, or pill-box, shaped cap, formed of little frills of lace, tulle, or straw, and trimmed at one side with a cockade of lace or ribbon, a bunch of flowers, a cluster of tips, or a coquettish little group of wings. And there is the Watteau model, pinched up at the left side and lifted in front, which is quite the epitome of all things coquettish.

Why Parasols Will Flourish.

The manufacturers are already making great preparations for a season of enormous popularity for the parasol. They declare that the steady increase of the size of women's hats for the last three or four years has worked great havoc with their trade in this direction, and they, therefore, hail with delight the news that the smart hats of the season are to be quite small ones. When hats were so large as to give practically all the necessary shade, the poor parasol was in eclipse, but once the hat begins to be more modest in size the parasol asserts its claim and becomes again an indispensable article of every woman's wardrobe.

There is no more dainty adjunct of a summer toilette than a parasol which matches or harmonises with the gown with which it is worn. One of the most lovely of the linen parasols that has already been seen in a smart shop had an effective pattern worked upon it in a design of roses carried out in heavy padded embroidery. The lining was of pink silk of quite a deep rose shade and the linen was softened by its influence to a charming pale pink, while the roses stood out from it as white as newly-fallen snow.

Of the more frivolous parasols none is prettier than one of lace mounted over three shades of chiffon, violet, pink, and green. The flowers on the lace stand out in such high relief that each leaf

and petal is almost as distinct as if it were natural. Another of these dainty sunshades is of the finest imitation point de Venise made over white chiffon with ruffles innumerable, each edged with the narrowest lace. The handle is of unpolished silver with a fine traycey of burnished silver upon it. The spring suits shown in the picture illustrate

two serviceable models to be carried out in spring tweed or cheviot. The one on the left-hand side is materialised in gun-metal grey cloth with a collar of orange velvet overlaid with black and grey velvet passementerie, and is worn with a grey chapeau hat plumed with orange and grey feathers. Secondly, there is a very smart bottle-green and

chrome yellow tartan frock with green velvet facings and a chrome cloth waistcoat. With it is worn one of the new little round hats, a green straw one wreathed with gauze and trimmed at the back with pale yellow cowslips and white violets.

VARIETY IS CHARMING.

CHANGE YOUR POINT OF VIEW.

When matters wax monotonous in the appearance of the house try changing them round. Put the furniture in different positions, alter the ornaments from one room to another; or, better still, give some of the ornaments a rest and leave on view just enough to strike a note of distinctive simplicity.

If you are not in the habit of using flowers for the every-day decorations of the dining-table, try the effect of a few bright blossoms and feathery ferns. Then vary the menu, and send the ordinary dishes to table in a more attractive manner than usual. Have toast instead of plain bread for dinner, and serve the puddings if possible in individual moulds instead of in portions from one large dish. The apparent touch of novelty is very often effective in stimulating a jaded appetite or silencing the criticism of "The same old dish," not unusually heard in the average household.

SWEETS FOR THE SWEET.

Most little boys and girls are allowed to eat chocolate now and then in carefully-regulated quantities by their parents, and those who ask for Peter's Milk Chocolate when choice is given to them will find out how wise they have been. For it is a delicious sweet and the most nourishing form chocolate can take, which is, of course, saying a very great deal. The parents themselves like it, and that is praise indeed.



The gown on the left has a smart double-breasted Eton jacket, and the other a basque bodice. Both are especially designed for "Mirror" readers.

A MAN IN A MILLION.

(Continued from page II.)

"Well, I suppose you are not going to drop me altogether, are you, Lady Betty, and send out the word to all London that they must cut me, or brave your displeasure. I know I should stand a poor chance, if you did."

"Don't be ridiculous!" she said. Her voice was veering back to its old warmth; her eyes were softening, her lips were relaxing their rigid lines. Against her will, she felt that he was winning her over to his point of view, as he won everybody, at all times, by the sheer strength of his irresistible personality.

"Well, I must meet her and her mother," he went on. "Pretty frequently, too. Don't you think, Lady Betty, as a woman of the world, that it is far better if we all meet amicably, having agreed to bury the past? I am sure Mrs. Tempest thinks so. Her manner just now said as much."

"I can't understand her," said Lady Betty, "or you, or anyone. I give it up."

"Don't you think it is better for us to be friends?" he persisted.

"I don't know. It seems to me I don't know black from white. All I do know is that it is monstrous that you, when you have all the world to choose from, should have fastened on this girl—just the one impossible woman. It's all nonsense for you to pretend that you want to be friends with the mother. The mother doesn't exist for you."

"Well, you will do as I ask, Lady Betty?" he said persuasively.

"What do you ask?"
"That you won't lie to me any more, or try to spirit them away."

"It seems no use," she said. "However, I have one consolation. As we are being frank with one another I may as well tell you."

"What is that?"
"Mrs. Tempest herself. She, at least, sees things as they are. She is blinded by no glamour. She knows that she can never be your friend, nor you hers. She knows that your paths lie, and must always lie, as the poles apart."

"He said nothing, but rose to take his leave.
"When are you going to the Bellavians?" asked Lady Betty.

"I am not quite sure," he answered. His eyes looked quiet, steady defiance into hers. "I am extremely busy. I may have to postpone my visit, after all."

She rose, too, and gave him her hand.

"I have nothing more to say to you, Tony," she said in a voice in which anger struggled with the affection that was too strong to be overthrown. "The part of Providence is too difficult for me to play," she added wearily. "You must go your own ways and make your own fates."

"Or meet the Fate that is already made for us," he rejoined.

Joan, sitting in her own room, heard the front door close and knew that he had gone. Her mother had gone to her room, too, and the girl had heard the key turn in the lock, and had been glad. She wanted no companionship.

He had come, and all her pulses had leaped at the sight of him; but now he had gone, and they had had no opportunity of speaking together.

She could not understand why he had come. It had been so fruitless. On her mother's face she had seen that look of hard serenity which meant that a volcano was seething beneath the apparent calm. She expected a violent outburst of temper; she expected to have words flung at her that seared her soul, and then to be taken away, far away, out of his reach, where she might cry out her loneliness and longing and never be heard.

Just then there was a low, furtive knock at her door. She went and opened it an inch or two, because her eyes were red, and she did not want to be seen. It was the under footman, and, to her intense surprise, he handed her a letter.

She did not know the handwriting, but she guessed at once, and surprise turned to joy. How foolish she had been not to know that he would find a way! It had never occurred to her that in every household there is always one person who can be bribed.

She tore open the envelope and read:

"Do not be afraid, my Blue Eyes. I don't quite know what is going to happen, but I shall see you soon. Be surprised at nothing. Write to me every day when you can, and be quite sure that I am thinking of you all the time."

Joan read these words with glistening eyes, and pressed the paper to her lips in a transport of delight. He was thinking of her; he had come to see her; he would find a way out of this cruel sea of difficulty. And she would wait and be patient, and do everything he told her, and pray to God to make her worthy of such a great and wonderful man's love.

(To be continued.)

FOOD CURES!

Certainly!

Ask any Physician
about

Grape-Nuts

EDGAR JONES, Silk Factor & Importer, COVENTRY,

IS OFFERING FOR A FEW DAYS ONLY HIS CELEBRATED

THREE SPIRES BLACK SILK

For DRESSES at 35/6 for 12 YARDS 20in. wide, fine value, RICH and DURABLE.

SEND EARLY FOR A PATTERN AND EXAMINE IT CLOSLY.

MACKENZIE'S

Essentially High-Class,
The liveliest Toffee Imaginable.
Sold Everywhere. Steam Works, London.

CREAM TOFFEE

BABY CARRIAGES

sent to any part of the Country
on Easy Terms for 5s per month.
New designs for 1905 post free.
Repairs a specialty. Estimates free. Our vans collect in
all parts of London daily.

W. J. HARRIS and CO., Ltd.

51, RYE LANE, PECKHAM, and Branches.

6/- SEWING MACHINE. 6/-

Patented.
Patronised by H.M. the Empress Alexandra of Russia.

THIS machine does work which will compare with that of other machines, and is particularly made of metal, with plated fittings, and is of much greater strength. It is suitable for great speed, and has complications like the old-fashioned treadle machine, but is much more convenient as it is not liable to get out of order.

Sent in wooden box, carriage paid, for 6/-; two for 12/- Extra needles 6d; and 1s. packets.

Write for Price Catalogue and Testimony, or call and see the machine at our works, 22 & 23, Brook Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

SEWING MACHINE CO., R Dept.,

22 & 23, Brook Street, Holborn, London, E.C.

The Children's Breakfast.
Creamy Plasmon Oats
Require no milk. Cooked in 4 minutes.

Clandon Lad Disqualified—Gallia
Objected To.

It is not often one sees such a series of favourites successful as those at Lingfield Park on Saturday. In some of the races there were large numbers of runners, yet luck seemed to go with them, with a good fortune. The day was bright and cold, and the attendance excellent. There were few accidents, but through the falling of Sally Brear in the Amateurs' Steeplechase, Mr. E. M. Leveson-Gower received a bad shaking.

* * *

Mr. Joel's Barnstormer opened the ball by winning the Cobham Hurdle in a canter. It was an easy task for such a four-year-old, and no less than 6 to 1 was laid on him. Clandon Lad, running in the style of the Oaks Steeplechase, but was quickly disqualified, as those connected with the horse had failed to register in time a contingency in the new ownership. This most unfortunate affair again illustrated the need for some change in the procedure attending the entries of horses.

* * *

The public and the great majority of experts were laying odds on Clandon Lad, feeling assured that he was strong and knew his mettle. At the same time a section of shrewd ones knew that the two main chances of victory were truly in opposition. They played the game well to the finish. Immediately the favourite passed the post the mischievous was made notorious, and odds were offered against him. The result was that the National Hunt, seeing as a clear and explicit rule had been broken, so the race was given to Moon Ray, which finished second. It was, of course, a bona fide mistake on the part of those responsible for the entry of the horse, but led to a fierce and prolonged wondering of the public, and to the profit of some men who had been well posted in the particulars. A system under which such things are possible surely needs alteration, and the stewards of the National Hunt should give the matter immediate attention.

* * *

Glenly accepted the engagement in the Amateurs' Steeplechase rather than that at Haydock Park, and had no difficulty in defeating Red Whistle, Whiteman and company. Perigarnet, subject of big plumes by a certain division, defeated fifteen others in the Surrey Hurdle, and Royal Rouge, running generously for once, easily beat the rest in the Handicap Steeplechase. The prettiest finish of the lot was seen when R. Morgan on Rainfall beat F. Hartigan on Lady Corea in the Hever Hurdle. Arbares ran moderately, and the highly-fancied Kava fell, involving A. Pratt in a severe shaking.

* * *

There was fairly interesting sport at Haydock Park. The outsider, Gallia, won the Saturday Selling Hurdle, but an objection has been lodged on the ground that the owner was not eligible to run the horse.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

PLUMPTON.

2. 3.—Portslade Steeplechase—LIVE LEES.
2.30.—Private Hunt—FLORIDA.
3.00.—Wivelsfield Hurdle—ROUGHAM.
3.30.—Keymer Steeplechase—AMETHYST.
4. 0.—Goring Hurdle—PRIGARN T.
4.23.—Patcham Steeplechase—BUSH ROSE.

SPECIAL SELECTION.

LYE LEES. GREY FRIARS.

WINNERS AND STARTING PRICES.

LINGFIELD.					
Race.	Winner.	Jockey.	Price.	Yrs st lb	Two miles.
Cobham (6)	Barnstormer.	Hartigan.	2 to 11		
Oaklands (5)	Moon Ray	Mr. Nugent	20 to 1		
Amateur (6)	Perigarnet	Mr. Coveney	5 to 6		
Surry (6)	Red Whistle	L. Hartigan	5 to 6		
Spring (5)	Royal Rouge	A. Nightingale	5 to 2		
Hunting (5)	Arbares	A. Nightingale	2 to 10		
Hever (2)	Keymer	F. Hartigan	10 to 1		
The above are Sporting Life prices. Sportman prices 6 to 1 on Barnstormer, 100 to 30 against Perigarnet, and 4 to 1 Rainfall.					
Other prices agree.					
HAYDOCK PARK.					
Race.	Winner.	Jockey.	Price.	Yrs st lb	
Eastgate (9)	Little Sprout	P. Mason	7 to 4		
Saturday (10)	Gallia	H. Thompson	10 to 1		
Carshalton (4)	Perigarnet	H. Mason	11 to 8		
Railway (3)	Snipper	A. Hartigan	1 to 3		
Urmston (7)	Cherton Prince	Williamson	1 to 3		
Grange (2)	Perigarnet	Williamson	9 to 10		
The above are Sporting Life prices. Sportman prices 21 to 4 on Cherton Prince. Other prices agree.					
(The figures in parentheses indicate the number of starters.)					

TO-DAY'S PROGRAMME.

PLUMPTON.

2.0.—PORTSLADE SELLING STEEPELCHASE of 80 sows; winner to be sold for 50 sows.					
Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Two miles.
Golden	Gloucester	Gloucester	Gloucester	Gloucester	4 to 12
Little Heronics	12 4	Visionary	6 11 12		
Lye Lees	12 4	Champagne	6 12 13		
Kingsbridge	12 4	Roamer	6 12 13		
Woolashill	5 11 7	Ray	5 10 7		
Cringlegate	4 10 7	Wild Gander	4 10 7		
3.0.—KEYMER HANDICAP HURDLE RACE of 85 sows; winner to be sold for 50 sows.					
Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Two miles.
Golden Wedding	12 7	Wielder	11 11 12		
Grandchild	11 7	Snaphot	11 0		
Amethyst	6 11 7	Golden Apple	10 12		
Belligate	11 6	Visionary	6 10 12		
Daredevils	11 6	Stevensons	6 10 12		
Mooneystown	6 11 2	Ballycora II	10 12		
Reservoir	5 11 2	Polin	6 10 0		
4.0.—GORDING NOVICES' HURDLE RACE of 85 sows; winner to be sold for 50 sows.					
Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Two miles.
Sea Lion	5 12 0	Dunorina	4 10 7		
Discipline	5 11 0	Cyros	4 10 7		
Wild Gander	4 10 7	Viviane	4 10 7		
Fair Bird	4 10 7	Rossgrove	4 10 7		
Gleekan	4 10 7	Lawn Tennis	4 10 7		
4.25.—PATCHAM STEEPELCHASE of 85 sows; winner to be sold for 50 sows.					
Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Two miles.
Batch Rose	5 12 0	Binocle	6 11 0		
Visionary	5 11 0	Minie	6 10 7		
Flodden	4 11 0	Weollashill	5 10 7		

4.25.—PATCHAM STEEPELCHASE of 85 sows; winner to be sold for 50 sows.					
Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Yrs st lb	Two miles.
Batch Rose	5 12 0	Binocle	6 11 0		
Visionary	5 11 0	Minie	6 10 7		
Flodden	4 11 0	Weollashill	5 10 7		

SMOKE

PLAYER'S NAVY MIXTURE

Mild, 1/8

Per lb. Tin. 5d. per ounce.

Medium, 1/6

Per lb. Tin. 4d. per ounce.

THE MEDIUM IS THE
MOST POPULAR.

J. H. & CO.

RONCHITIS
AND ASTHMAVeno's Lightning Cough Cure
produces most brilliant effect in Bronchitis.
Rev. W. W. TULLOCH, D.D., Bonar
Bridge, Sutherlandshire, writes: "July 2nd, '93—
I have had a very bad attack of bronchitis and
asthma, chronic winter bronchitis. I have found
Veno's Lightning Cough Cure a valuable medi-cine." W. LACELLES-SCOTT, F.R.M.S., in his Cer-
tificate of Analysis, among other things says:—"I have pleasure
in certifying that in my opinion VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH
CURE is an excellent Remedy for Bronchitis and other protracted
diseases." LARGEST TRIAL 9d.
BOTTLIES. 1/- 2/- 2½/-
Ask for VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE
and Drug Stores everywhere.

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE

DR. ROOKE'S
SOLAR ELIXIRLIKE THE SUN is a
LIFE-GIVING TONIC.IT AIDS DIGESTION,
INCREASES THE APPETITE,
RESTORES VITAL ENERGY,
IT IS
A MARVELLOUS PICK-ME-UP,AND
The UNFAILING REMEDY for
CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, ANEMIA, RHEUMATISM,
GENERAL DEBILITY, and all
Wasting Diseases.Dr. ROOKE's Solar Elixir is a HOUSEHOLD
REMEDY, and has over 70 years' reputation.
Testimonials have been received from all parts of the world.
The price is £1.00 per bottle, or 1/- per glassful, or 2/- per
ounce. Our Furniture will stand no end of Hard Wear.
ALL GOODS DELIVERED IN PLAIN VANS
FREE. CLOTHES, FURNITURE, &c., are
COLLECTED FREE. Coloured Price Catalogue GRATUIT.
Any Goods Sent CARRIAGE PAID
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A few doors North of Holborn Town Hall.
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CASH or CREDIT.

We do both. When you call on us we show

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we send the goods home first WITHOUT DEPOSITS OR SECURITY.

£5 worth 2 months, £20 worth 12 months.

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Our Furniture will stand no end of Hard Wear.

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THE GAMAGE TRUMP CARD.

